

JUNE
VOL. 2, NO. 1

25¢ MONTREAL
35¢ ELSEWHERE



The controlling principle of the universe moves winter into memory and summer blossoms ahead. With fresh spring winds blowing change, the sun warms the buds in the wood by the lake, and new visions seed in heads. The eternal cycle. Logos too has been going through the changes with the departure of some and the addition of a few new souls. This issue will probably reflect as to where the new heads are. This process has been happening since the first issue -- Logos has been different people's trips at different points in time. Which might explain why no structured thing has developed, either in content or in style. We think that tradition will remain, but don't ask what our exact editorial position will be, as we find it difficult to make one viewpoint representative of the whole group. We hope that we don't become an ossified and closed channel of communications. There are dreams too, like being receptive to you. So please share your thoughts, ideas, criticisms and flights of fancy. Logos can also be a workshop for those who really want to get into graphics, writing, street selling, typing, playing carrier pidgeon and spreading love. Hopefully, these pages will also inform as to what is happening on some Montréal scenes and we believe there are some beautiful things going on. There is creation, love, and happiness; we want to put your heads in good places. This is not to deny that there is a host of heavy downs around, downs often closely linked to the system we find ourselves in. So occasionally Logos will delve into the wrongs and injustices. Sure, we believe in revolution, but a revolution that starts in your head and in your body. You are what you ingest!

LOGOS

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FEEDBACK

MENTOR

Cherry Valley, N.Y.

Dear Logos Sirs,

Received April '69 Vol.1 #10 an exquisitely arranged and colourful newspaper, the tact and balance and care of which production must indicate equally tactful balance and careful persons making up the layout.

But I haven't read it yet, but because of the beauty of the paper I will read it. Carrying it around in an airplane.

It is filled with obviously useful information and Propositions and Ecological reconstruction of planet.

Yrs., Allen Ginsberg

DETESTOR

Sirs:

Montréal, Québec.

I understand that the word Logos means reckoning in its original form. I would like to protest to you that in the last issue you reckoned with nothing and have only served to gloss over anything of value that was contained in the publication. By showing a myriad of colours, you only served to cover up the problems facing your readers. They lose themselves in this fantasy world, temporarily, but when they emerge from their and your trip they are still faced with the same problems. They are no further ahead than before and may have lost time in absorbing your somewhat mundane pages.

I felt that I must remind you that as the only underground type of media left in this city that you may have a responsibility to the people in it. Your independence allows you to print the truth and not just a glossed over and slanted version of what the power structure wants its slaves to hear. Leave the pretty pictures to Life Magazine. This city needs a media outlet to counter the harangues of the straight press and at present you are the **only** one who can start to fill the void. Reckon with the problems and expose the injustices, fight for truth and justice, so that someday we all will have the time and the opportunity to enjoy beautiful works.

R.N. Stewart

PROTECTOR

Dear Sir,

Hawkesbury, Ontario.

Last summer, I visited Montreal and was really pleased to see your paper and the "scene" in Montreal. But what upset me was the police harassment of the people around the Image and Logos. I really wished then that there was something I could do.

It hurt me when I realized that I was powerless to act against those forces which harbour hate for anyone who is "different".

I used to live in Montreal a few years back, before the hippie phenomena ascended to its heights. Now I am planning to move back.

But this time I'm coming with a pair of boxing gloves and a rifle, all for self protection. But I don't. advocate anybody else to do the same. Everybody should do his own thing.

But I don't have long hair. I'm bald. And I don't talk the hippie language. I'm forty years old. But that doesn't stop me from knowing where its at. Please publish this letter to let all the young people know that help is arriving soon. And to keep up the fight. Don't cut your hair. I'm on my way.

Yours truly,
Hans Kristiansen.



OBITCONTACT

At various points of its sporadic existence Contact provided food, housing, medical aid, psychiatric aids (meaning free downs), legal aid, communications centre, handicrafts centre, jobs, dope information, pharmaceutical dispensary, lists of cheap and good apartments in the area, speakers to ladies clubs and all forms of emergency aid, in any area.

Contact has been up and down. Its directors, at various points, included Francis Charet, Jean Nantel, and Davis Cobb; at one point all three. It started off in a two-and-a-half room cellar apartment on Jean Mance, now houses the medical clinic. Then, last summer, when the place got so hectic that sleeping and eating became impossible, Contact (which had been given the apartment rent-free by Concordia Estates) moved to a house on Ste. Famille Street. The new rent agreement was that a total sum would be paid to Concordia for both places on a cost-plus basis. Indeed the rent was cheaper than it would have been to any other tenant, but still, the cost of running an agency which is not funded or supported by any group makes any amount prohibitive.

Contact then worked out an agreement with Concordia that if some "respectable" agency would sign the lease for Contact, Concordia would permit Contact to stay rent free. If not, Contact would be evicted. David Cobb at this point turned to the big brown building on Ste. Urban, called University Settlement House, a Red Feather Agency, for aid. At first they liked the idea, but like all establishment agencies, you could count on the fact that they would screw off in a moment of distress; and sure enough, when it came to lease signing time, the Settlement was no longer interested. But still, the information that the settlement had buggered off had to come through a third party because, like all professional liberals, they cannot tell you anything to your face. Concordia was becoming increasingly upset that they might be held responsible for Contact, simply because it was squatting on their territory and it wasn't tax deductible. But when you're dealing with bullshit on one side and bullshit on the other, it's hard to keep from getting the crap in your hands, and mouth, and in your brain. So David decided that his own head was more important than the fucking lease and gave up the whole idea; it never could have been done anyway.

In the meantime, Contact still ran through the mill of housing, and slowly dying. The freak-outs kept on coming and the sadness began to creep in. All the services, with the exception of crashing, have been taken over by other groups. The resisters, the dodgers, the clinic, the job-co-op, and Logos which will now handle emergency legal aid) have taken over their part of the work that Contact did and sometimes duplicated. But it was the style of work that was different.

And now that style is of the past.

What is ominous in this act is that we shouldn't regard it as a tragedy: that's a down. An instruction that it's time for something new, something different.

RIDICULE the absurdity

A man in love with a pig, not merely as a pet but as a fellow being, attaining the same dimension as with another human; a song welcoming smog and pollution; a living government head mocked and portrayed as a skewing murderer in the very country over which he presides; a fragile butterfly held aloft and burnt to a crisp; a man oozing love to an auto and killing in outrageous anger when his 'beloved' is insulted. Newspaper items? Could be...but each personified and thematic in plays of the new social radical theatre of the '60s.

A theatre in which audiences can be expected to be confronted by nudity, marijuana fumes, molotov cocktails, mad touch, physical love gyrations, four letter taboo words, fantasy and everyday realism - all this and more, for just about anything goes. While drugs are not issued (yet) the impact might be even more shattering than LSD hallucinogens were indeed distributed with the programmes.

We have had (no pun intended) the theatre of the absurd; we now have the theatre of the ridiculous, inherent in the 'Extension Theatre'. Man, for the majority involved in this fresh avenue of drama, has been dragged beyond the absurdity; the condition being considered as ridiculous and not meriting the dignity of being treated with the awe or respect accorded by a Beckett or an

Ionesco. (Some might disagree and debate the notion that the latter held man in such esteem but nonetheless they approached him with a good deal of deference and still do.)

A Sean O'Casey or a Clifford Odets albeit they wrote about the tragic tribulations and armours imposed upon by a confining and cannibalistic environment, would also find themselves isolated by today's present theatre stage they would find no writing within controls and restrictions subtly imposed by the society they were criticizing. The earlier social dramatists, while tackling some of the identical concerns as today's rebels were not attempting to turn the world upside-down; an aspect rivaled to many of the contemporary plays, the groups thumbing their noses at the 'uncivilization' that has been vomited up in their midst.

While some writers and companies are obviously more in tune with this aspect than others, all to some extent are vibrating on this level. Some might stress other factors more vividly; nonetheless they are compelled to -- since the absurdity is ridiculous -- to literally piss on the walls of the establishment -- since this is where it's at offstage.

Just about every sensitive nerve is based and disturbed as in "Hair" by Gerome Ragni and James Rado. This tribal love-rock musical skins from world issues such as the war in Vietnam to the air they breathe with at home. Before the curtain comes down the performers are the prevalent parodied characters dealing with sex, ghettoes, racism, politics, the galling images. The song-titles clearly indicate the counter-culture now embracing the mind-gap generation. Some of these are "My Body Is Walking in Space" about the delights and ecstasy of smoking pot, "I Reached It, He Reached It, You Reached It, We All Reached the Climax" about free and uninhibited sex, plus such numbers as "Coloured Spade", "Prisoners in Nigertown" and "Welcome, Sulphur Dioxide, Hello Carbon Monoxide".

Obsession with personal intrigue and rampant power is thrust into the arena in unmistakable sickening terms as in

"Machbird" by Barbara Garson which owes much to Shakespeare's "Macbeth". Never in history (as far as I'm aware) has a head of state been so visibly and shamelessly humiliated and defrocked. At the same instance, however, as in "Machbeth", exposing not only the particular characteristics of far too many who have scratched their way to the top over the bodies of innocent corpses. In addition, revealing to us the "Machbirds" of ourselves waiting to be unleashed.

In "What A Lovely War" by Joan Littlewood and her company the pretension of English society are impudently mocked not only in the title but in the prancing and the singing dedicated to the 'glories' of the first world war. The idiocy of the hallowcaust is transparently depicted as they mount incidents bringing back the 'heroic' and 'patriotic' airs that accompanied the females as they tramped off to slaughter. Using Brechtian methods such as contrasting pompous speeches and self-glorifying gestures of generals and government officials with death-count statistics spelling out the harsh and gruesome results. A comment from a German general helps to sum up the insanity when he says, "He (the British soldier) fights like a lion but is led by donkeys". When the curtain falls one feels that the whole of Man's fate is led by donkeys and how nonsensical it is that this farce should be tolerated as a way of life.

In "U.S." by Peter Brook, a chorus sings of the Vietnam war.

"We know what we are doing
"We know what we are doing
"We ought to know, for we have done it before....."

The automatic robot-like pattern of our lives is presented in harsh but exact colours in "America Hurrah" by Jean Claude van Italle when in the opening unit people in an employment agency are examined like inanimate commodities by plastic-masked interviewers painted with lifeless smiles shaped more like grimaces; a takeoff on what too many endure not only in similar situations but in the general bureaucratic structures of western and eastern industrial milieus. At the end, while an offstage voice prattles inanities about the niceties of home and decent folk we see two manikins, of both sexes, strip and take apart a motel room after defiling it--clumsy insensitive creatures devoid of humanity crudely fawning each other with such vulgarity that sex indeed becomes the three letter dirty word fostered by a sick society; finally destroying everything on stage, themselves and the keeper of the motel in which their 'love act' is taking place.

In "The Inmates" by this writer, openly subtitled as 'A Sensual Charad

in "The Ridiculous", I try to destroy that which we are most familiar by starting with the behavior of 'proper' people and ending with POW The U.S. Army and those who would inflict mind-destroying chemicals on others. In between I swoop in on snooping mothers who 'know' their duties as 'responsible' parents, a man making love to a car projected as a penis and slaying another for slighting his "car...the most beloved word in the English language", the latent fears of sex culminating in lesbianism, medical 'virtues' and two people thrashing about erotically in a dirty patched-up bag.

Some readers might wish to interrupt at this point and argue they detect no substantial difference between these plays and those of the absurd since it's evident they are absorbed with interpreting and strapping bare the same sick depths of human and non-human relationships and probing the obvious too that many have been more than slightly influenced by these provocations. In fact, some critics in the commercial press have retaliated against the new writers by calling them absurd absurdists."

However, while both schools might appear on the surface to be equally nihilistic, they are not of the same mind level. Unlike Ionesco, they do not generally subscribe to the notion that the world is a "desert of crying shadows" in which tyrants, models, revolutionaries, and learned men have equally arisen and accomplished nothing. Nor are they haunted, as is Ionesco, by defeated people.

Impossible, or worse to descend into the heads of each person involved in the shaping of this new drama and state unequivocally how he or she thinks, but not impossible to indicate the nature of the thoughts as demonstrated in their public works. To quote and paraphrase Robert Brustein, Dean of the Yale School of Drama, we are witnessing a "Theatre of rich boy" tackling neither and tragic themes in a gay, impudent, and satirical manner; essentially a turning away from the usual escapist material of frivolous musicals, frothy comedies of innuendo or the "key-faced solemnity" of serious dramas. "Gay, impudent and satirical" are the

Read the Gazette Travel Supplement and Know. Chelsea, The Trade West End, The Clubs, The Pubs, The Kings Road, John and Yoko Piss for Peace. England is a great place. Except for millions of people who live there. They are known as Lower Income Groups. Poor. And they have trouble finding places to live. The Official Government euphemism is "The problem of homelessness", you know, something like the American's "Problem in Vietnam".

In England tens of thousands of people are homeless. Over two million families are living in accommodation officially described as "Unfit for Human Habitation". Thousands of families with two children or more eat, sleep, cook, wash, dress and fall ill in one or two rooms, and pay, comparatively a fortune for the privilege. Needless to say, the Establishment does provide shelter for the homeless in Government Hostels - most of the time.

Point of Information: Councils, Local Government Officials, knowingly refuse to provide accommodation to families, human beings, sleeping in derelict buildings although they have a responsibility by law to do so. Other Councils are closing down hostels for the homeless although the problem of homelessness is growing. They save a little money.

A woman and two sick children arrive at a Government Office. They are probably sleeping in a derelict building, she is probably illiterate, or can just barely read or write, she is poor, she is sick, she is tired, she is depressed, she is worried, she is frightened, she is confused and she encounters a callous, vicious bureaucracy.

The Government is not unaware of her plight. Neither are the public. England is a Welfare State, you know, and they have a "Socialist" Government. In fact a program called "CATHEY COME HOME" was shown three different times on British Television. It showed the difficulties Cathey had finding a place to live. The program was first shown about three years ago, and the Middle Classes were suitably shocked. All the liberals and Government Officials were appalled, indignant, ect, but their concern was soon diverted to more important things like the campaign to Keep Britain's Telephone Kiosks Red. After all, British Telephone Kiosks had always been Red. And some nasty people wanted to paint them yellow. Anarchists or Communists they must have been. Well, this campaign was successful. People living on streets, in slums, human beings, men, women and children, well, they are poor. No one can make any money from them. Given a choice between making money and helping human beings, human beings come a close second. So the problem is growing. FREE ENTERPRISE.

Recently there have been developments that are likely to cause a "downward trend in the problem of homelessness" (The writer once read that Ford was revising upwards the price of its cars to meet the competition, so he is trying to use Free Enterprise terminology) People are squatting. Slum Dwellers Homeless Families, are moving into empty property.

Late last year the London Squatters were formed by a 26 yr. old school-teacher, Ron Bailey. Their first action was a token occupation of a block of luxury flats in the East End of London. The block of luxury flats had been largely empty for over three years. It still is. People were living on the street. They still are.

London is a immense city and groups of squatters were formed in different areas. The writer was associated with a group calling themselves the Notting Hill Squatters who are active in the North Kensington area of London. North Ken is a unique area, if you want the worst example of any social problem in England, Go There, it has them all. Race Riot, it had one in 1958. Fire Traps, it is described as a fire inspectors nightmare. Play Space, over 80% of the children have no place to play therefore one child every five days gets mowed down by a car. Overcrowding, the two most overcrowded areas in all of England are in North Ken. Ect ect. North Ken is part of one of the richest Councils in England, The Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea. The Council plans to solve the "problem" of working people in the Royal Borough by pushing them out. The leader of the Royal Borough says Free Enterprise will take care of them. The Notting Hill Squatters knew that the Council had absolutely no intention of helping anyone. So we went into action. To get some experience, test the reaction of the police, government, the Press and to get the reaction of the community, ect, we staged two token occupations of luxury dwellings that had been empty for a long time. One a Town House costing over \$45,000 in North Ken. The rich are moving in.

The token occupations were embarrassing the Establishment, especially when it was revealed there were over 500,000 empty houses and flats in England. In most cases no one could afford the rents. We were messing up Establishment images. We all know how important images are. The truth is, well, secondary.

The Notting Hill Squatters were approached by a widow, Mrs. Maggie O'Shannon, who asked them to help her to move into a empty house on her street. Contrary to the impression conscientiously created by the press that Squatters Organisations, not homeless families, were squatting. Contrary to the impression created that Squatters Groups were in charge and somehow misled or misguided or deceived or tricked slum dwellers and forced them to move out of their rotting holes and into empty property, it should be stressed that in all cases families approached Squatters Organisations, fully aware of what was involved. They were given help by the Groups, but the families themselves were always in charge of the squat.

Back to Maggie O'Shannon and her two children (two other children were with her mother). She and part of her family lived in a two room basement flat. The walls of her flat were quite strange, damp the English call it. In fact, were you to run your hand along the wall you would get enough water to wash your hands. There was another attraction she had been enjoying for the previous eight months. Sewage landed on her floor every time the members of the three other families in the building flushed the toilet. Four families living in a home designed for one family and one toilet to be enjoyed by all, especially Maggie. England is a Welfare State and there are Public Health Officials and Laws and things like that. For eight months she tried and tried to get something done. In this corner, ladies and gentlemen, one hundred and forty pounds of romping, stomping hell, Mrs. Maggie O'Shannon; and in this corner PRIVATE PROPERTY.

Maggie happened to live in the only area of North Ken due for re-development (that's another story) and was told she would be re-housed in 1969. But the Council, a very rich Council, stopped for a think or something and decided 1975 would be a better year. Her Doctor said if she and her children remained in their present abode for much longer they would be dead. So, with the help of the Notting Hill Squatters, one Saturday morning she moved into a empty house across the street. Somehow Maggie found a key that fitted a new lock that mysteriously appeared on the house across the street. She and her two children moved in. Finding a key that happened to fit the lock meant she did not break and enter. Notting Hill Squatters had lawyers who are very necessary cause there are laws, all kinds of laws.

Barricades were erected and we were dramatically pulling up to and through a third story window food and water necessary to sustain life. "Gentlemen's agreements" were made, barricades came down and another family of five moved in. They had been living on a top floor in 1 1/2 rooms, a man, his wife and three children. Their hang up was the roof. The roof tried but just couldn't stop rain and water from getting through. This had been going on for two years.

The house the families moved into was owned by one section of the Government but another section of the Government was responsible for it. It took a few days to find out which government section owned it, and about four weeks to decide who was responsible for it. We encountered vicious bureaucratic posturing, officious procrastination and unbelievable harassment. Fortunately we were extremely well organized and had in the group lawyers and Community Workers who knew their way about local government.

The house we moved into was government owned and in an area due for re-development in 1975. The house was unquestionably the best house on the street, and the Council obviously had no intention of re-housing families in it. They tore up the street and turned off the water, boarded it up, ripped out electrical fixtures ect. Were they to move a family or two into the house they would have to re-house them in 1975, and re-housing families costs money.

This was the first case of families squatting since the 40's and due to the circumstances the Establishment was embarrassed into allowing the families to stay. Success, but it took six weeks to get someone to make a decision of any kind.

While we were squatting other families and groups were not inactive. Families were moving into empty property all over the place. In some cases they were uncere- moniously thrown out, in most

cases they were obliged to play stupid games with the Establishment.

DOM CHAPTER TWO

Kingdom of Bones

THE CITY STANK.....

...like a lush's breath before breakfast, rising into the skies like the first bitter taste of bile. Petrified by the wall of heat that embraced me as I walked out of the front door, I felt like puking the whiskey out of my guts when I smelled the stench oozing from the building across the street. Only hunger could drive me down to the morgue on a day like this. Presiding over Independence Plaza, it was the tallest building in the city, 125 storeys jabbing at the clouds. And every floor in it, including the three basement levels, was layered with bodies neatly frozen on cold marble slabs which slid in and out of their cabinets on well-oiled wheels.

Moonroy lay on the top floor. The attendant pushed a button and PRESTO! - out he came like a sardine ready for canning, a greenish mug sliced up the middle from crotch to gullet. He was six feet eight inches long from toe to shaved skull, a big man. And there was a lot of meat on him. The face was round with a large nose and small beady pig's eyes. The mouth was wide and generous. Red curly hair bristled on his chest, under his armpits, and around his balls. They had pinned a white card on his neck telling me where he had been found. Probable cause of death: suicide. I checked his wrists. They were too neatly slashed for suicide, but.....

The attendant spent most of his time yawning while I tried to get information out of him. Luckily enough, because I was starting to yawn myself, Crazy Antonin showed up before I fell asleep on one of the spare slabs. They must have been a funny pair when Moonroy was still among the living. Crazy Antonin was small and sharp - not like a rat, because there was nothing harmful about him; more like a hamster, round, furry. He didn't move, he darted.

"Are you Joe Smith?" he asked me.

"Yeah, that's me," I said. "You must be... (it was hard to say it) ...Crazy Antonin?"

"Yes. I just spoke to you on the phone."

"Yeah. I decided to get down here and look at the body right away."

He looked Moonroy over, a hint of disdain on his face. "What do you think?" he asked.

I shrugged. It's hard to say, you know. Was he very neat in his life?"

"Not especially so," Crazy Antonin said, his tiny shoulders twitching.

"Then maybe it was murder. The cuts aren't the kind that suicides usually give themselves. They're too tidy, too clean and even. And the man here tells me they found him naked in an empty room."

"He was very poor."

"He must have had some clothes?"

"I took his clothes."

"Do the cops know you took his clothes?"

"Yes after they saw his body,

they told me to take them because they didn't want them. And there wasn't any furniture because he just moved into the place the day before it happened."

"Where was he living before?"

"Nowhere that I know."

"How well did you know him?"

"Too well, but not well enough."

You see, Mr. Smith, we had a bad period between us some time ago. For a while we didn't see much of each other. When we resumed our friendship, we used to meet in restaurants. Sometimes we got together in a deserted old tower out on Highway 9c in the Kingdom of Bones, as he liked to call it. But as to where he lived, that's one thing I can't tell you anything about."

"He didn't live out there.....on Highway 9c?"

"No. The horror of the place was too much for him. You see, the Kingdom of Bones stretches for an eternity. One side of it is bordered by a narrow stretch of water, but the rest goes on and on forever. It's uncharted territory. There is absolutely nothing there that lives, except a few flowers that make the attempt every springtime but die when the sun strikes them. Everything is dead. Ha and I used to walk through there - exploratory expeditions, you could call them - searching vainly, as it happened, for signs of life. All we ever found were skeletons, broken bricks, smashed and bleached hulks of cars, rocks and gravelly sand. Nothing else. The only building that anybody could see was his tower. Empty. Barren. The earth and the sky - and the sky was the only thing you could be sure about. It was quite possible for us to forget we were humans, that we inhabited the earth. It was so desolate out there that it wasn't hard to persuade ourselves that through some strange transference we had suddenly arrived on the moon."

"If it was so lousy for him there, why'd he go back?" I interrupted.

"I used to ask him that," Crazy Antonin said, a small smile playing across his mouth. "He told me that he wanted to write the history of the area."

"Did he?"

"I think so. I seem to recall a manuscript of some sort. But it wasn't with him when he died. Perhaps we can drive out there tomorrow and look for it."

I told Crazy Antonin about the messages I had received in the mail from Moonroy.

"What messages?" he asked, surprised.

I told him what they said. In fact, I think I even rattled one of them off by memory. I could tell by Crazy Antonin's reaction that this cast an entirely new light on the situation.

"Do you think there's a chance - assuming he's the one who killed himself - that maybe he sent that manuscript to me before he slashed his wrists?" I asked. It was a sudden hunch I had. After all, why else would a guy who I had never met send me some very personal messages, then tell a pal of his to call me in to solve the

case of his murder before it happened, if it did happen?"

"But I don't think he killed himself, Mr. Smith."

"Well...yeah. Well, maybe he sent it to me anyways. I mean why would he send me the other stuff?"

"That's for you to find out, Mr. Smith," Crazy Antonin said.

"Yes, I know that's for me to find out," I said, trying to stay patient. "But just for the sake of getting some kind of a lead, couldn't we assume until we find out something different that maybe he did kill?"

"But if we did that," Crazy Antonin interrupted, "we might get

ourselves into another set of circumstances that have nothing to do with what actually."

"Look," I snarled, my temper flaring. "I don't mind playing kiddie games and riddles for 25 bucks a day plus expenses. But I wish to Christ you'd tell me before I get carried away and think this is for real."

He took a couple of steps backward, his mouth wide open. I guess I was overdoing it a bit, but I didn't like to feel that I was being made a fool of.

"Now what the hell kind of answer is that?" I shouted, not letting him get a word in. This

time even the morgue attendant backed off. "When I ask you a question like that, obviously--"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Smith," Crazy Antonin cut in. "I'm really very sorry. I didn't mean to make it sound like a game. But, you see, I didn't know he had mailed letters to you before his death. Now I do know, and that explains why he told me to get in touch with you. He obviously had you in mind for a reason. I couldn't possibly tell you. And therefore, it's entirely possible as you say, that the historical manuscript is on its way to you through the mails. Perhaps he had enemies and he knew they were closing in on him?"

"Did he ever tell you about people hating him enough to kill him?" I asked, cooling off a slowly.

He shook his head.

"OK," I said. "Why don't we get out of here? And maybe you could let me have a couple of hundred bucks in advance. Can't work on an empty stomach."

"Certainly," he said, pulling out a fat wallet full of bills and handing me a small group of them. At least he wasn't stingy.

We arranged to get together in a couple of days, and I decided to blow some of the loot I had on a meal down at Abraham's Bar & Grill, a place I frequent when I'm not below the level of poverty. It wasn't far from the morgue on good days. But today, May 31, it seemed like a hundred miles before I arrived behind its cooling doors.

The usual collection of oddities was there: thugs, gangsters, newspaper types, businessmen, sell outs, ministers of the reformed church, stevedores, junkies, poets, rich people slumming, politicians, prostitutes, school-teachers, diseased teenagers, people who nobody knew because

they were down and out, people who were trying to get away from other people who knew them, sailors on leave, deserters, heroes, cowards, Christians, pagans, even a boy scout troop leader. And there was me up at the bar because today there were no tables. Abraham, a patriarchal kind of guy, served me my meal. He growled something about the twenty bucks I owed him. I flashed a few bills in front of his greedy eyes and his face cracked up in smiles. He even gave me an extra slice of bread.

I had just finished my third beer before getting into the hard stuff when I noticed a swift action in the mirror in front of me. An instant later, before I had time to react, the reflection of my face shivered into a million fragments. The sound of the mirror smashing hit my ears just as I rolled sideways off my chair. I flattened myself on the ground, waiting to hear the sharp thuds of a gun.

But I had other things to worry about. A huge sonofabitch grabbed my collar and hauled me bodily off the ground until my feet dangled six inches above mother earth.

"Hey, what the fuck is going on?" I squeaked bravely. My tie was being turned into a hangman's noose.

"Watch yourself, punk," was all the goon had to say while I struggled vainly to get at least one good jab in on his beefy nose. He shook me like a cat shakes a rat, and then dropped me in a heap across the bar.

I tried not to recover my senses until the coast was clear.

JEHU RIDES Again

SUCKERFORTH'S SULLEN SONG

In his library, John Suckerforth pulled out a red book with gold binding and started to read:

Chariot and Bells that shook
The very Fires of Sun and Earth
Let none but Jehu pass alone.

He had read the Chronicles many times, each time seeking a stronger truth.

The bell rang and his classroom filled with murmurs. Dr. Suckerforth walked into his first anthropology lecture of the new semester. "This course," he began in his strong bass voice, which startled many of the younger girls, "will deal with colonies of prehistoric social groupings..."

His voice trailed into information, facts, dates, and an almost computerized history; he felt a sense of emptiness.

"No", he exclaimed, "No, this is not what I want to deal with. It's not important enough. There is something more significant I want to introduce. Last year, during my vacation, I was introduced to an Indian musician (ed. note: This musician is believed to be one of Ali Akhbar Khan's troupe) who gave me a book on western religion which has fascinated me ever since."

Suddenly, Suckerforth had cracked a mystery curtain which has surrounded western civilization for nearly 3000 years. But, rather than achieving prominence, Suckerforth became even lesser known from that day on. The university, where he had been teaching for 15 years, not to mention his life there as a student and political activist-in-residence, dismissed him; the only spark of hope to appear at Adelphi since, was Allen Krebs, who like Suckerforth, was dismissed. Krebs, later, went on to establish Free Universities in New York and London.

The Chronicles of Cha'd, the only copy of which belonged to Suckerforth, was stolen soon afterward. But in late April of this year, it was published anew.

The Suckerforth tale ended in 1966 when he and his wife and children, after spending 3 years (1963-66) travelling with the hippy underground spreading the word of a failing memory, died. His newly-acquired multicoloured VW microbus crashed on Highway 61 in Mississipp.

His tale is insignificant (the only mention of him appears in the introduction-dedication, "to John Suckerforth, Doctor of beauty and professor of love") but his life's work is now on the verge of a success that he never would have believed.

CHA'D AND JEHU: NEXT SHOW AT 12

The Book of Jehu is a drift from reality. Indeed, if it could change Suckerforth's life from a renowned and established professor (an elder student was quoted as saying "He was the epitome of an autocratic stuffed shirt with a big mouth") to a hippy-guru, its power should be examined carefully.

There are three books in the Chronicles of Cha'd. The first two, originally inscribed as merely Book 1 and Book 11, have been retitled The Silent Dream and A Seeker's Truth, respectively. Their publication dates have not as yet been announced. However, the most significant of the three, "Jehu", has caused quite a stir among scholars of western religious history.

In reading Jehu, it is easy to become less involved in the subject and more in its surroundings, the message. But somehow, Jehu always draws his simple message, peace, love, kindness, into all he touches.

For when Jehu was King, there was no crime, no punishment, no killing, no wars; it was a time of peace, tranquility, farmers sharing their crops in the street and marketplace. It was a time when people transcended the simple art of living into the total drama of communication.

Jehu is back again. Our problem is to read, understand, learn, and accept.

In fact, Jehu cannot be classified in any antediluvian academic category. (Yes, Pluto is somewhere near the sun).

When publication was first announced, the New York Times said:

It is rare for a book to claim that it will change the world, but this book can surely shake many established concepts.

The London Observer added:

It will become in time as important as the new technology is to our society.

JEHU RIDES AGAIN

Jehu, King of Israel 2800 years ago, was renowned as a furious, kif-smoking, charioteer. The old-English adjective "jehu", meaning "reckless driver", was derived not so much from the King, but rather from the tale of Jehu, which was last reported 500 years ago.

A Child is born
And Freedom surrounds
The Ancient walls of Peace.

Thus Jehu is introduced to us, but he is far removed from classical biblical heroes. His guiding principles, unlike any of his counterparts, were examples of sophism and eclecticism.

But these very principles, like Jehu, were forged in fraud. He examines and re-examines his philosophy constantly, each time experiencing and failing. Indeed, many of his actions leave traces still visible in modern Israel, however that facet of Jehu should be left to the more politically astute. Forever abounding in youth and courage at sundown, during the harvest, Jehu's joy at seeing the abundance of food would take him, in his chariot, speeding through the streets, sparks flying from the wheels, singing out to his people. And they would answer. The force of love, joy, exhilaration, would take up the people. Indeed, it was not Jehu's kingdom, but Jehu's community; the determination of Jehu.

Jehu spoke softly.

These three words carry most of the message of Jehu. His words are few and very loosely connected--but always spoken softly.

Come little Children
With Love in kind
And Hearts to Peace.

It is difficult to perceive love as a regal decree, but in a time when paternalism was considered the only proper form of government, Jehu never lost sight of his purpose. His style was determined by the mores of the times; Jehu's message was to spread the word.

The release of a new album by Bob Dylan has always created a flurry of announcements, judgments, and analyses. Since his early folk albums, people have awaited each new l.p. with interest and curiosity, trying to guess what it would be like, and what it would say.

Dylan startled many with "Bringing It All Back Home", introducing folk rock into a staid, shuffling music scene. Just as people were becoming accustomed to that sound, and while bands tried to reproduce it, he offered "Highway 61 Revisited", which went a bit further, taking more people with it.

Then there was a long spell of silence, which made people wonder and debate "the next album", - where he would go next, musically, what he would do, and of course what he would say. "Blonde on Blonde" answered all these questions and more. The double disc album, filled with fourteen songs produced further discussion, endless dissection, and explanations.

The accident occurred, along period of public non-activity, then "John Wesley Harding" simple and sure, just when everyone else was going further and further away from music.

Now we have "Nashville Skyline" and it defies inclusion in any discussion of the eight l.p.s that precede it.

Recorded in Nashville, it is new Dylan, new songs new roads, and if you must, new messages. Once again he is backed by a small tight combo, another of the collections of fine musicians that Dylan always gathers together with pride.

The first track is a duet with Johnny Cash of an old Dylan song, "Girl From the North Country." But as he said at a concert right after his controversial appearance at Newport in 1965: "this used to be an old song." Cash and Dylan together seem almost unimaginable beforehand. But Dylan's voice is not what it was. It now has a mellow quality to it, with the midwest twangy accent dissolved into an easy-country living style that reeks of happiness and contentment.

Cash counters with his own style that smoothly handles what between them becomes a nostalgic haunting moody piece. They are unrehearsed, adlibbing, close and yet sloppy in a jam kind of way, as if the next cut - which isn't included - will be right together. It is a song that was jammed, spur of the moment in the studio, and works very well. Al Kooper: take note of how it is done.

The rest of the album contains a mixture of easy-going material, some based on personal quiet situations between two people, the others happy, skipping-down-the-road types of songs. This is the significant change of direction that Dylan has taken: really no message, even though, after all this time, people are experienced at finding one in his material. Just songs, the kind that Dylan has said he likes to play around the house. They're homey, warm, direct and honest.

To say they are simple is an understatement. This simplicity is their beauty, and what makes them work. "Tell Me It Isn't True" and "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" are merely one person talking to someone he digs a lot: we just happen to be able to overhear what he's saying.

The highlights of the album, a hard selection to make, are "Lady Lady Lady" and "I Threw It All Away". Dylan still has the ability to capture the speech habits of everyday people and situations. He delicately sings: "You just won't be able to do without it/ Take a tip from one who's tried."

At the same time, he can create a vision of strength with an overview of the same matter:

"Once I had mountains
in the palm of my hand/ And rivers
that ran through
every day/ But
I must have
been mad/
I never
knew
what
I had/

Continued on page 20

The Sallyangie's "Children

of The Sun" is a remarkably

sweet and mellow album by an ex-

tremely talented brother and sister duet

The beauty of this album lies in its

lyrical theme. Extremely well executed,

with the help of flute, violin, viola,

African drums, finger cymbals, and guitars:

The album is peaceful, yet still stimulating, as in "The Murder of the Children of

San Francisco", a story of erosion of love

and charity by personal greed. This

is one of the heavier cuts and it

preceded by songs of love

and spring-

time.

Cohen's consistency as a singer resides in his primary employment as poet. Themes of repressed freedom, lost love, reconciliation and redemption dressed in lyrical parables carry from his poetry to his singing without damage. Only after a short time in the highly competitive music world, Cohen has produced the sound he was looking for (See *Duel* literary magazine of Sir George Williams U., No. 1, for Cohen's expectations for this album, and for the insights into his personality via a long interview and a character sketch). The sound comes across most purely in the first four almost ballads, leaving a resonating and delicate field of images that hit the listener somewhere between head and gut.

In contrast to his first album, there are fewer cuts in which the backup orchestration, girl chorus, or guitar work is unjustly counterpointed with Cohen's sometimes thin voice. His preoccupation with the possibility of self perfection in a harmonious universe becomes repetitious at points and a little boring if one listens to all the bands straight through. This applies to his music, guitar, forced rhyme, etc.

But the ethos comes clear; the sound grows more haunting and true each playing. Cohen fans will enjoy this issue of the "reaching for

gold" as a reaffirmation of good and ancient strivings.

"Music is the language of the soul. The soul of music is of the heart and her mind is of the heart. O music In your depths we deposit our and souls Thou hast taught us to see And hear with our hearts."

Tim Buckley is one of the few that calls to mind upon reading words of Kahlil Gibran.

He has an incredibly fine voice. The range and sensitivity of can only amaze you.

In his new album "Happy" Buckley's voice and music have grown and changed and matured. His voice is more mellow and deeper and richer.

Musically, he has moved into jazz -- a space which is at once "an ocean of mercy and a sea of tenderness."

Buckley plays a 12 string Gibson acoustic guitar and is backed by Lee Underwood on lead guitar, later C.C. Collins on congas, John Miller on acoustic bass, and David Friedman on vibes and bass marimba. It's a very together happening: beautiful bitter, dreaming, love-filled.

There are three songs on each side. With the exception of one, "Gypsy Woman", the songs are slow and peaceful. All are extremely fine, sensitive, and beautiful. "Strange Feelin'", "Buzzin' Fly" and "Love from Room 109 At The Islander" comprise the opening side. "Dream Letter" leads to "Gypsy Woman" on side two. With conga rhythm throughout, Buckley goes through unreal vocal wailing which climaxes after twelve minutes in an orgasmic explosion. "Sing a Song for you" -- the last song is a simple message for peace and love (for what else is there?).

And then leaves you in a very beautiful space.

Give yourself to his trip -- see with your ears and hear with your heart and you

will laugh and cry with Tim Buckley.





It happened in Montreal - the city where groovin' events just don't seem to make it - on April 18th, Lord Maudsley and his circus of the performing arts exploded in a citric frenzy under the watchful eye of the Loyal Order of the Moose on Park Avenue.

LORD MAUDSLEY, WITH HELP FROM SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, PUT ON A SHOW UNLIKE ANY SEEN BEFORE IN MONTREAL, TO FIND OUT WHAT LORD MAUDSLEY'S CIRCUS WAS LIKE, JUST ASK ANY OF THE 379 HEADS AND BODIES WHO ATTENDED, THAT IS HOW MANY EVENTS - PLUS MORE - ALL HAPPENING SIMULTANEOUSLY; MOST OF THEM HELD TOGETHER IN UTTER CONFUSION, BY THE SOUNDS OF THAT TRYNOMIC TRIO, THE MYND, WITH THE COMPLEX AND SOPHISTICATED SONORITIES OF THE NEW ALBERT FALEY'S BLUES BAND AND ANYONE ELSE WHO HAPPENED TO TURN UP, VISUAL TRIPS WERE PROJECTED ON WALLS, FLOOR, CEILING BY JOHN MAX AND HIS SMACK #000-0000 AND AURORA LIGHTS, SOUNDS FROM THE LATEST LP'S WERE DONATED BY ALLIED, POLYDOR, AND WARNER BROS. RECORDS, ALL KEPT SPINNING BY PHANTASMAGORIA.

Response to the performers were unanimous: "They were great", "They stink", "a new high in the Montreal music scene", "which ones the Mynd?", "lousy", "what the fuck, it's all free".

Exclusive interview with Lord Maudsley:

Logos: Why haven't you brought your show to Montreal before?"

L.M.: Better late than never.

Will Lord Maudsley be seen in Montreal again? Impossible to tell. He seems hardly to be able to hold himself together. To be ready at any instant to fly simultaneously to the four corners of the earth, bearing away his circus in shreds of transparent colour.

But perhaps there is a chance to catch him once more before he flickers and disseminates, possible to regather his future atoms into another dream in another place. It seemed certainly that this would be done, but it is now believed that an artist self-announced, on the grounds that art should never be performed, only gooped at, threw a spanner in the etherial works. (It transpires that the artist in question was much maligned and that a performance of the circus may occur)

Exclusive Logos interview continued:

Logos: Is it necessary for you to leave Montreal so soon?

L.M.: Better early than sometime.

IN PASSING, IT MIGHT BE WORTH NOTING THAT LOGOS LEARNED FROM A NATIONAL SPOTLITE REPORTER ON THE SCENE, WHO OBTAINED THE ONLY OTHER EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH LORD MAUDSLEY, THAT IT HAD BEEN INTENDED TO LEVITATE THE ENTIRE HALL FOR THE DURATION OF THE PROCEEDINGS THIS PLAN WAS, HOWEVER, ABANDONED AS LORD MAUDSLEY LEARNED THAT A COMPLEX ALARM SYSTEM WAS HITCHED TO AN ALTIMETER ON THE ROOF WHICH WOULD REACT TO ANY CHANGE IN ELEVATION, INSTANTLY PRODUCING A HORDE OF POLICEMEN, WHOSE PRESENCE WOULD CAUSE DRASTIC INTERFERENCE WITH THE FUNCTIONING OF LORD MAUDSLEY'S LEVITATING DEVICE.

Consequently it was decided to levitate only the occupants of the hall.

STAND PROUD WITH VITAMIN C

the PERFORMING ARTS

When a country is occupied, the language of relevant cinema is double-entendre, such as *Les Enfants du Paradis*, in which characters become polarized into good and evil; the main villain is time and elusive happiness, and the main victims are the people, who are prey, in this case, to emotions. But that was the language of Vichy France; of those who knew that the underground would overcome.

When a country is threatened with occupation (or its corollary, "tightening of security"), the language of cinema is defiance - for that is the very essence of resistance. Milos Forman, in making *The Fireman's Ball* chose laughter, not snickering, not diatribes. In the brief period of Czech socialism (or what passed for it), the philosophy of what they call socialism was implanted deeply into the government, but not too deeply in the people. Comrade means mister, and stealing is very normal and accepted. This is the truth that Forman faced and told. But not as a tragedy: In the Russian cinema, and to Russians generally, all revelations are tragedies. But this trait often has a habit of carrying-over to those who want to imitate Russians, the Husak's and the Novotny's.

In an interview in the International Times between Felix Scorpio and Jindriska Smetanova, a writer and broadcaster active in the new cinema, Smetanova said that to live in the choking atmosphere of socialist realist movies, paintings, and fiction, as long as she has, one would see that *Closely Guarded Trains* had been one of the first attempts to show life undramatized, unheroic, as it really was, and, she concluded: "You find that to tell the truth is always a political act."

But Forman's truth in *The Fireman's Ball* was to surface in Czech theatres at the same time as the Russians decided to test their field artillery in Wenceslas Square; thus, *The Fireman's Ball* will not surface, during this generation in Czechoslovakia. *Fireman's Ball* is now at the Salle Hermes on Sherbrooke West. *Closely Guarded Trains* soon at the Verdi. That's why the Czechs will win.

"I" am a crowd, obeying as many laws as it has members
Chemically impure as are all 'my' beings.
There is no single cure for what can never have a single cause.

This simple little poem from Aldous Huxley's *Island* tells the whole story of the novel.

Huxley was a truly remarkable man and, although he is most likely remembered by most for *Brave New World* and for his writings on drugs, *Island* is, in a way, his best book. In 295 pages, Huxley gives us a concise summary of his whole critique of post-industrial Western society and a detailed picture of his alternative to the mass insanity which passes for modern civilization.

Island is a book about utopia - a land which happens to be "nowhere" just now, but it is not a book about an impossibility. The story line involves a confrontation between an English journalist who manages to get himself shipwrecked on an island-nation of Pala and the people of the island. The journalist, although in the employ of Joe Aldehyde - a big bad capitalist whose only interest in Pala is the exploitation of its oil reserves - discovers that his heart is with the people. On Pala, he discovers a highly evolved Hindu/Buddhist religion complete with moksha medicine, a drug which helps the taker to achieve religious enlightenment, and the yoga of sexual love. Because of his religious interests, Huxley spends a good portion of the book developing this theme but he does not fail to point out, through the private thoughts of the journalist, just how sick our society is.

So Whether it's prevention or it is cure, we attack on all fronts at once, all of the fronts.

Island, Aldous Huxley, Bantam Paperbacks, 95 cents.

Recently opened in Montreal is the Back Door,

THE BACK DOOR

a new place to hear folk music. They plan to feature the best of Montreal's folk-singers and guests from out of town at a cost of from one to two dollars admission. Not too bad for an evening of good music. The opening evening's entertainment was provided by Jesse Winchester, Penny Lang, and Bruce Murdoch.

Jesse Winchester calls Montreal his home now, but he's originally from the southern United States, and you can hear it in his music. He writes all his own stuff, which ranges from rock'n'roll to tender ballads to a very funny parody of a fifties-style hit, called "Jesus was a Teenager Too". His voice is soft and kind of scratchy, his accompaniment is elegantly simple, and even without saying a word, his presence is very strong. Everything he does, he does beautifully, in a way that's distinctly his own. Everybody says Jesse will be a Big Star very soon, so if you get a chance to hear him, grab it.

The second set was provided by Penny Lang, a familiar face in Montreal, doing some of her old favorites as well as some new material. I had forgotten how really good she is. Her arrangements aren't terribly distinctive, but her handling of a song is always sure. She can belt out an old blues with the same ease that she sings a soft contemporary ballad. And she obviously feels at home with her audience.

Bruce Murdoch did the third set. Another familiar face, and one it was nice to see again. He got into some very funny raps, and sang some long, winding, personal songs. It was a really enjoyable set.

Coming to the Back Door: John Hammond (May 20-25), Pat Sky (May 27-June 1), Dave Rea (June 3-8), Penny Lang (June 10-15), and also Dave van Ronk and Jerry Jeff Walker (remember "Mr. Bojangles"?). That's alot of good music.

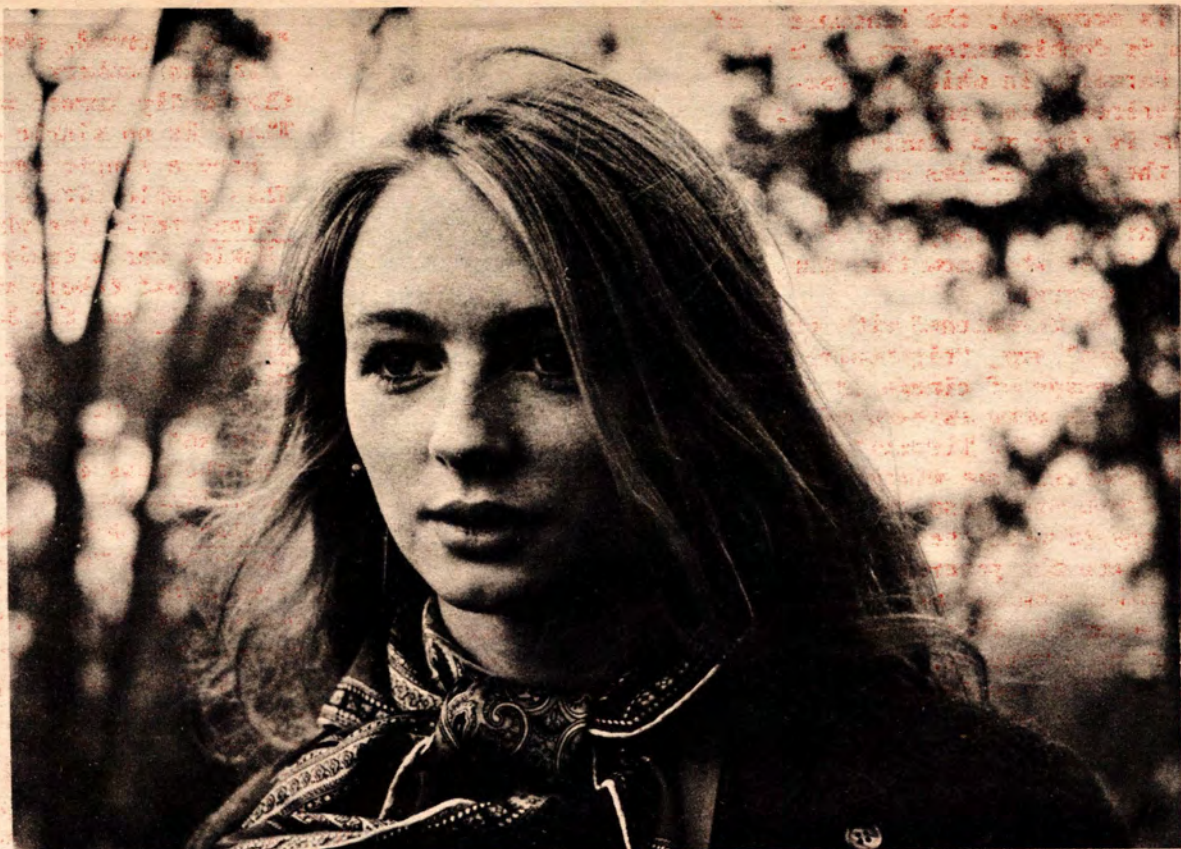
During the past year there has been a trend toward publishing books

and manuals dealing with head into gear without anything gas. Sense, Relaxation, and now track out various routes than can be here to there, and all around, all

This process has a variety of awareness, self-realization, truth lab practitioners range from psychologists, masseurs, zen masters, and psychotherapists. Rasa Gustaitis is a journalist of these techniques, and found herself in Big Sur, which is the largest at Zen Mountain, and in workshops in Her book is objective, to the point and relevant - relevant because it exercises are about. Her explanations, inform and interest someone who is change something inside, or who want

There is little doubt that beneficial for the majority a large variety of people approaches that are useful now that it seems safe their way in an awareness their structured insanity clarity, and it becomes They're prepared to catalyst.

This type various groups



A part of my spirit
is like a wisp of my
hair blowing

Light kindle
dark stone absorbing
pale skin reflects
the resourcefulness
of
being held to the door frame
by anxious shadow



AARON HOWARD, A FREE JOURNALIST, RECENTLY UNDERTOOK A PRECARIOUS LOGOS MISSION AND FOUND HIMSELF INCARCERATED IN BORDEAUX JAIL, WHERE HE SPENT TWO WEEKS CON-TEMPLATING THIS ARTICLE.

Dear Logosfolk -- Examination of a two-week stay in Bordeaux jail environment -- dis-ruption of input systems - confusion of my reality (translations of input by the systems I normally employ) is abruptly superceded by total environment prison-reality.

Unlike the American linear design of a triangle where power filters down from a small elite, the French way is rather like a champs with radiating concours with the power from the center. The man in the middle is the most important in French business or bureaucracy/govt - like the arrangement of French parks, archi-tecture and city planning. Bordeaux ref-lected this mind. The prison wings, like concours, met at a point where a high light-house like struc-ture

were
repeaters
who understand
how to play the
cops and robbers game.

In one sense, bank robbers (of which there is a proport-ionally high number in Montréal) hit in the belly of a society in which banks are more important than housing people. But most of the bank robbers I talked to robbed banks because they figured they could never afford to live as they wish by working. "Why work your balls off when you can take it for nothing?" The bank robber as life role, a consumer of cars, booze and dope (one cat who was waiting trial for seven bank jobs told me he was always stoned on hash before each job to space himself a bit). A cat who like to play with prostitutes and enjoys beating them up yet has a wife and kids whom he adores faithfully/Catholic dualism/ the slut and the Madonna complex. A man with style and the means to carry off this distinctly romantic-mystic role (I sometimes got the impression these dudes studied movie bank robbers and went out to live the part), living very much in the present, educated to a highly hedonistic way of living, a perfect Goddard portrait--All the cops are criminals and all the sinners are saints.

Homosexuality is very much encourag-ed by the prison environment. A Catholic censor bans all flesh pix and gay lit although "Valley of the Dolls" soft sex is allowed. No hard sex or polit-ics for prison mids - that's into very formal rules. But if you slip in soft-ly - informal rules are something the man has trouble understanding. The best example I can give: I was put in solit-ary twice for singing. "What do you think this is, a hotel?" said one guard. Prison is an en-vironment in which you are supposed to suffer and do penance for

Younger cats (which included most of the heads) are prop-ositioned in a variety of hard and direct ways, short of coercion-rape. But if you stick to your guns or your pants, no-body is going to attack your ass-too much has-sle. However, the scene was really getting to one nineteen year old cat who was small, smooth, and soft and kind of hung up over his sexual identity. The dude wasn't able to handle the powerful information and his mind-brain was getting quite strung out.

After just a few days, the message in the dorm was so unbroken-ly the same, there was no new information being transmitted. It was a change and I was transferred to 'B' Wing. Each wing is a three storey concrete corridor affair with thirty or so individual cells the length of each side of the wing. The cells faced the block corridor at one end and a

stood in which guards viewed traffic and phone communications diver-ged. The further away from the center, the further removed from the power less action initiated/always check back with the center for instructions. Both systems are inadequate for full feedback, and entropy increases the further away from the center one moves.

I've been asked about who was in jail while I was there. Since everything over two years means go to St. Vincent de Paul, Bordeaux homes inmates in for dope, indecent exposure (gays), while waiting for court (most everyone was rapping about how long it took to get to court especially if you couldn't afford a top lawyer) and petty shit in general. Over half the guys there (most like about 60-70) are dudes about 25. A lot of dopers and heads who are considered/treated as criminals. Find out how severe dope laws are. Most of the in-mates (with the exception of heads)

your sins and singing is glad noise-breaking in-formal rules: therefore formal reaction-overswing from guards; therefore I get solitary. (singing is, as so aptly demonstrated in jail, a very social and communal act-jail is an attempt to enforce awareness of isolation from community-another reason why inmates never ate meals to-gether but separately in their cells). On top of this heavy feeling of isolat-ion - cut off from socio-physical contact -deprived of female sex contact-is it not predictable that homosexuality is relatively heightened in awareness? Add to this the reatively high gay popula-tion and the moral attitude of the authorities that sex isn't a matter to concern oneself about: thus ambiguity. (I never could figure out where any-body went for a quick one since mates never got a chance to be alone in their cells or at the common - recreational area).

court-yard formed by 'B' and 'C' wings on the other side. Each cell was approximately twelve feet long and eight feet wide and furnished spartanly with bed table (both metal and bolted to the wall, sink and urinal right below it) - one had to hunch over while shitting to avoid being brained by the sink. Unflexible and hard, colourless and unvarying - no message from the environment. Outside my window, I could see over the wall as far as Place Ville Marie but I couldn't see one cell over. Peri-feral vision negated - blinders of linear habit reinforced looking straight in front of you, in the courtyard below, the grounds were littered with pieces of bread, mags, ciggie paks, paper and bits of uneaten food. A large flock of pigeons roost on the top of the prison and in an abandoned man-sarde just be-low the

roof where window panes have been knocked out to provide accomodating exits. The birds were fed on the food prisoners cast to them, since inmates are required to return an empty plate into the corridor after meals. One must eat all that is served or dispose of any food not consumed. This is accomplished by flushing it down the toilet or throwing it out the window in fine lower class European tradition. I spent some time observing the bird hierarchy and the spring mating habits of these aggressive birds. They were a rewarding activity, in between the time spent reading and writing.

the
afternoon
(12:30-4:30 PM).

Each half wing would alternate daily (one day morning-evening, the next day afternoon). The Recreation area was a long corridor leading to a game room at one end. An exit in the game room opened to the yard. A gym (the only thing in it were several sets of barbells), barber shop with two barbers and six sinks for shaving, shower room with three shower closets and two TV rooms (one English, one French) with four rows of chairs in each room to accomodate approximately 150 inmates. The space to move in seemed confined, linear, and full of people at all times. Recreational activity consisted of rapping, card games, ping-pong, three tables and you had to buy your own ball) and walking along the walls of the courtyard. The option of being able to shower and shave every day was a

Inmates come together at special times of the day in a recreational area. One-half of the wing would get the morning (8:30 - 11:30 AM) and evenings (6:30 - 8:30 PM) shifts while the other side of the wing got

welcome change. To be able to groom oneself is an integral message of a social being and it was further observed by me that the younger cats did spend the time grooming themselves while the guys who had been in prison for many or long times seemed much less inclined towards self-grooming.

Associations were predictable along both class and 'occupational' lines. Heads, for example, didn't form close associations with motorcycle freaks and/or bank robbers. But unit contacts were easy because of a common environment and preoccupation with environment. As one dude put it: "If I were to meet these people on the street or in a tavern, I wouldn't bother to talk to them. But here, they seem like everyday people, the kind of guy you wouldn't mind as a neighbour." Personal possessions like tobacco were easily loaned/shared/given with nobody getting uptight about it. Sympathetic emotions were easily extended when a person indicated he wished to share his good or bad fortune.

Breakfast is at 6:20 a.m; lunch at 11:30 and supper is at 4:30. Lights out at 10 p.m. The routine of meals: Line up with your cups (to be first in line is to get a seat at a table). Orderly procession to hall outside dorm where huge iron pots have been lined up on two benches, army mess style. First pick up aluminum tv dinner-shaped tray. Pass the pots serviced by the prisoners or guards and take the high carbohydrate, overcooked, rather tasteless, bleached, canned variety of menu. Despite the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables, the overcooking, and general blandness of taste, color, and smell as compared with the diet I am used to, I will say that an honest attempt to meet average standards of need and variety is accomplished. Certainly many of the people here do not eat as well or as often on the outside.

At the vanguard of the corporate reality is the ice-misted department of scales/libra. Aggressive in their interaction of the game because they are the front line of the rear guard. Hard-playing high-riders, hand in their technical rules, rigid in the formal and technical interpretations of the game, can't understand a soft, informal entrance through the rear. Used to a linear series of climaxes, a continuous orgasm is alien to a word, machine oriented culture. "If you don't know what's going on by now, you're stupid," said one of the guys this morning in a reply to somebody's "revelation." Of course, everybody on this side of the wall knows the law as well as the police. We know about the importance of the non-tense continuous orgasm of ecstasy. Inmates don't look to the outside because, for all practical purposes, it doesn't exist. For a report on my own head, feedback systems report a smooth

The physical straitjacket of prison is responsible for the mental straitjacket.

After a short time of adjustment, the possibility of deviance from environmentally-regulated behavior are exhausted. Low feedback systems result in a stagnating behavioral routine. For example, why should a man continue to groom himself when no woman is available to appreciate it? Why should a man be expected to alter his pre-prison behavior when the environmental conditions do nothing to alter/raise awareness? I don't believe there exists such a beast as the "criminal mind" but I could adequately describe criminal behavior as a product of education and experience and environment. Prison fails to take into the entire spectrum of culture and man's reaction/interaction with his environment. And it's easy to talk of imprisonment when you've never been incarcerated yourself.

Love to all,
Aaron

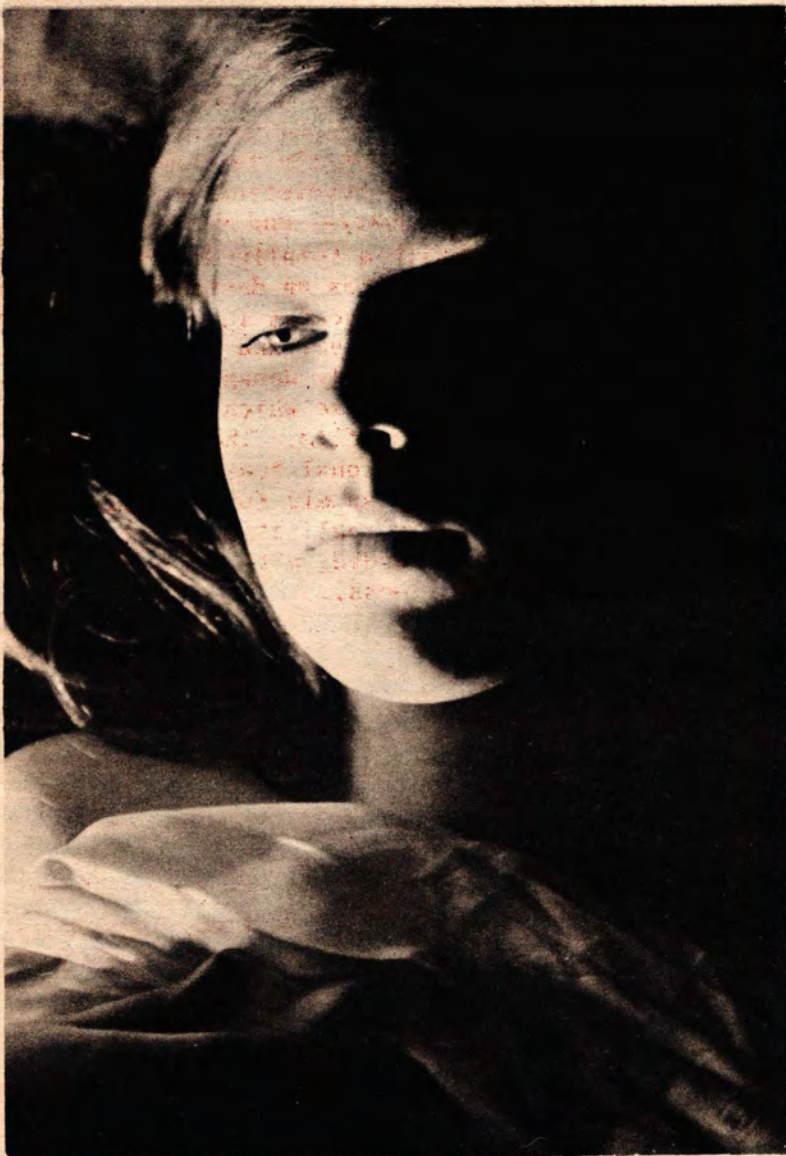
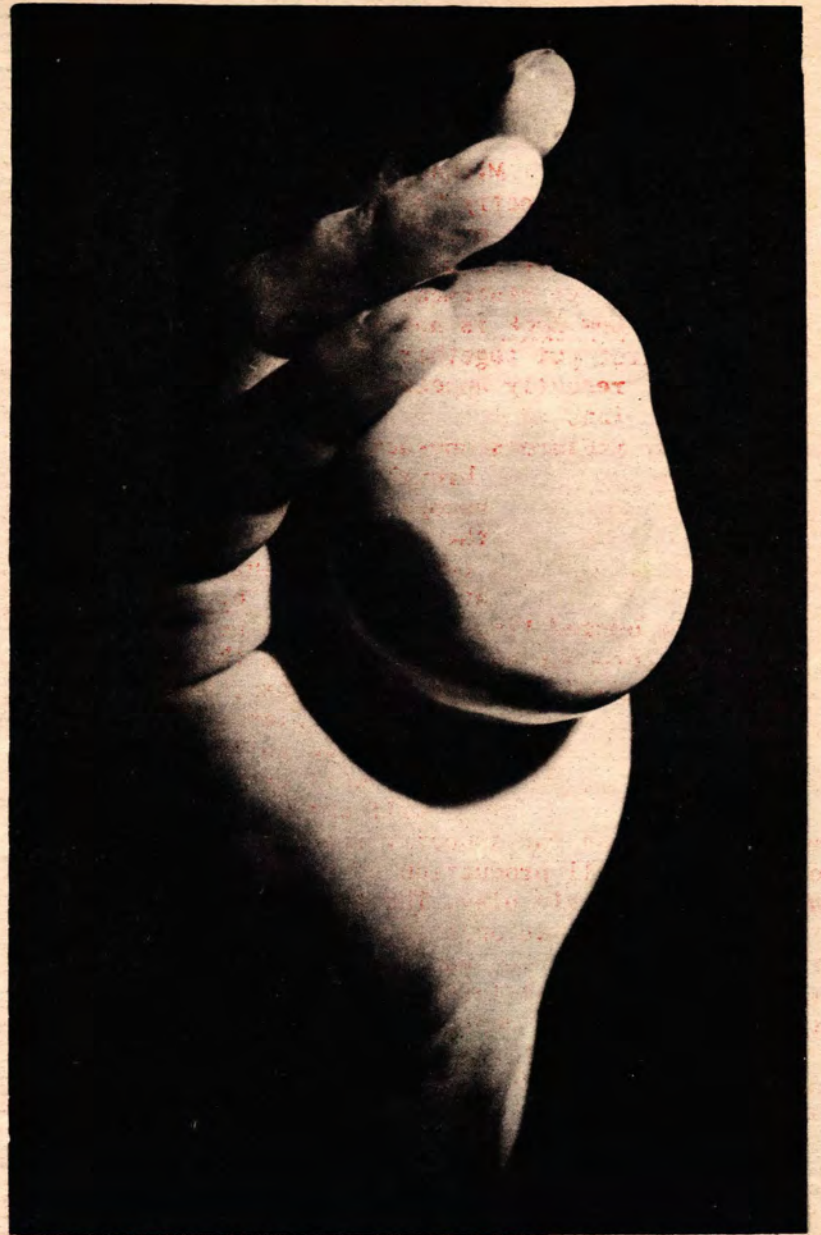
transference of energies synchronized with new total environment.

Yet, when I lie in thought's solitude, unaware of physical time/space, I am as free as I ever was/wasn't.

No, I certainly wouldn't catalogue Bordeaux or any prison as a desirable experience. But as long as I continue to exist in the present with a grain of optimism about tomorrow, it is quite tolerable. There are some beautiful people here and some intense moments of close communication. There is an awareness, an incredible realization of the inequity, the frustration, the humour, the foolishness, the pathos, the lies, and the truth of the game. But time passes and I am embarrassed at my clumsiness. I feel foolish at my naivete and unawareness. As a child feels when he suddenly learns one of the informal rules of the game and tucks the new found realization away like a candy to be grokked later.

How does it feel to drench yourself in luxury?

Nuh's short history of decay
 Eden
 Adam's hand trace trouble to semantics
 opening into traditions
 without end
 the broken wing
 exodus @



Adrift, ineffably
 adrift
 effluviating peaceful
 thoughts,
 flowing
 sinking, while stretching @



positive and positive
 negative and negative
 + breaking pattern
 straining against na
 obstinate lovers rebe

THE NEW BOOK OF TORTURE

Allan Ginsberg calls Michael McClure's poetry "a blob of proto-plasmic energy." McClure says it is, or should be, "the direct emotional statement from the body." The New Book is not a new book. It was first put together in 1961, but only recently appeared in a large edition. McClure's one-act play The Beard brought him instant recognition because of the then somewhat adventurous cunnilingus scene at the finale. The Beard got busted time and again out west, was brought east, busted, and then published by Grove. Since then, bits and pieces of McClure have surfaced, as well as McClure himself who was in Montreal last spring for a poetry reading. This was followed by a fall production of his beast-language, Druidian-style play, The Feast, at Sir George. The New Book is at once excellent and terrible. Its style is very free, punctuation odd, and constant use of capital letters annoying and distracting. There are contradictions in flow, thought and style that slow the book down considerably. Only McClure's admission of having written most of the book stoned creates a frame of reference to use in crawling behind the fence he has built. It is not an easy book to read. Certainly it can be a challenge to anyone who does not often read poetry. But in that challenge lies one of the main keys to what McClure is all about. Dull? Rarely. Real flesh? There's skin on the pages.

TURNING ON

getting one's but pure mind
Turning On all
used to get from
over the place.
ames: gestalt therapy, sensory
s, sensitivity training, et al. Its
sts, yoga teachers, and neo-chiropractors,
rapists.
who started off to report on just one
elf involved in many of them. She was at
t center for man reclamation. She spent time
New York amongst others. It is straightforward
explains in layman's terms what awareness
examples, and personal reactions would
ored, finds himself draggy, wants to
ts to find something new outside.
awareness-expansion techniques are
of people who participate. Certainly
can be attracted because of the various
t. The very people who are "turning on"
are the same ones who may find
ess group. Once in the group, all
ty comes forward, many times with acid
mes easy for them to get rid of it.
at this point, and the group acts as a

of approach is also being employed by such
theatre and dance troupes, industrial

staffs, and
centers that deal
with human rela-
tions.
Awareness ses-
sions loosen up.
They allow. They
present, and
accept. They're
warm, and warm-
ing, honest and
candid. Here
and now, and
tomorrow. It
doesn't have
to be messy
or brutal as some
may think. Turning on
is letting go.
When people over
thirty found out that
they weren't trusted,
and started
finding out why,
they dis-
covered that
they didn't trust
themselves either.
A good thing, but a
bit of a drag if it
stops there.

So, on
the awareness session,
to grope through "mind-
sets", and then to
the beach, to
sit like a
child,
and
see
again.

"The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed and Executed by the Inmates of the Asylum at Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" is a totally involving experience. It is a gracefully convulsive, thoroughly rhythmic nightmare that attains a kind of filmic integrity through its inescapable strength. Of basic importance to the film is director Peter Brook's acute perception of the implications of combining and interrelating theatrical and filmic aspects of the theme so that the final solution is a truly exciting "celluloid stage". You leave the film with a slippery grasp on the reality in which you can vaguely remember functioning some two hours previously; and it is in this kind of suspended relief that Marat/Sade leaves its strongest impression.

Marat de Sade

Marat/Sade is a total, continual confrontation. Brook allows the viewer to persist on one specific plane of reaction until this mode of response begins to attain a comfortable spontaneity. At this point the film jars: there is a barely perceptible instant of alienation, and the ensuing realization. The audience readjusts quickly, and the cycle resumes its course. Tension is maintained to a high degree throughout the film. The sensation of imprisoned fury, of total frustration steadily seeking its course, is constant. So that when the sex-maniac cries for freedom, he simultaneously implies freedom as release and the revolution as a means to sanity. When the inmates begin to emerge as emotional veterans of the revolution, we are forced to see the revolution itself as lunacy-- and yet the only sanity Brook presents his audience with a totally destructive aspect of violence as de Sade philosophizes on destruction as man's ultimate fulfillment. The film becomes increasingly violent towards its conclusion, but the final and total outbreak of violence is much less emotionally demanding than the straining toward destructive release which has been the guiding force throughout the film. The final release of visual and emotional tension has been imminent in such dynamic form throughout the film that its realization leaves us very specifically stranded, with a completely integrated awareness.

Sean Gagnier

Sean Gagnier, who
has appeared and disappeared sporad-
ically on the Montreal folk scene,
has cut a new album for
ESP records. The
only word on it
so far is that
the backup is by
Jesse Winchester and Bill
Garret, and the release is
soon.



MEAT EATER
RIDES
VEGETARIAN
▷ ▷ ▷

Unevened breads can be constructed with 3 cups of whole grain flour-whole wheat flour is the one to use as a foundation for most bread recipes. 3 cups of whole wheat plus 1 cup of any of the following: soya, buckwheat, rice, rye or oat, or a few flakes of rolled oats. To the mixture of flour add a tablespoon of oil and then a half a teaspoon of salt and finally add enough water to bring this mixture to a consistency of dry clay. Knead this mass for about 10 min., place into oiled bread pan and slide into the heat of 375F. for about one hour. This recipe is just an outline and any number of combinations of flour, fruit or nuts is possible.

The people running stores on St. Lawrence Blvd. are far enough out of the mainstream North American Life that they approach the natural. On this street a person can find many useful things to eat.

Whole buckwheat, quite a treat, can be purchased at a number of stores between Roy and Milton.

Tahini, ground sesame seeds, is a very useful thing to flavour meals of rice and vegetables. Found at Warshaw's.

A number of teas, spices and herbs are to be found at a very beautiful store called Em. Enkins, below the Crystal and Midway theatres on the main.

MY SKIN...
IT... IT FEELS
LIKE... REAL
FLESH!

MY HANDS...
MY FACE...

I'M A NORMAL
HUMAN BEING
ONCE MORE!



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oats, steel cut.....lb/25
wheat germ.....lb/13
soya oil.....qt/90
ready to eat dry cereal lb/42
currants.....lb/30
soya beans.....lb/12
pancake mix (buck /whole
2 lb/50
raw sugar.....lb/10

BREAD

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farmhouse.....35
Wholewheat.....35
Raisin.....30
egg.....25
french.....35
s. wheat.....38

brown rice.....lb/18

cracked wheat.....lb/15

cashews.....8oz/50

12 grain cereal.....2lb/75

8452852

To live is to choose - to ingest - to accept and take on the patterns of the world that surround us. Everything taken into the body is a drug, but the stone produced by most food is more subtle than the substances that the blues have put the no to and therefore not many people are aware of their effects. What we eat today is what we live tomorrow. Head high, my body said, "Life is a gas" - a burp and the genetic-history-code wafts up the story of man's disintegration from the timeless harmony point.

Is eating a drag and an enslavement, or a joy and freedom? Knowing how to roll a good joint is talent but cooking - who needs it? RIGHT! Try concentrating on what is happening, slow on to what is, and follow what passes thur:::;

remember the first time you ate something on acid ::::: well that was reality that happens every time you choose to ingest. Break the conditioning that started as you left your mother's breast. All foods are good produce ---produce some levels of ecstasy, but as you choose your diet you choose your personality and temperament. Become the ultimate alchemist, turn-on to what you stick in your mouth. I don't want to get into potato chips, zits, ice cream and cancer because the key lies in your mouth-mind and the door leads to freedom from food enslavement. Start today - be the first one in your co-op to eat his way to God.

There are a lot of books, freak and trip, to follow when it comes to eating-cooking - making your mindbody, but the direction of your trip is astrologically predetermined so therefore there's

a little room for expansion. Read anything you can handle but the best texts are written on the internal coils.

To some, health foods carry dogfood connotation but with a bit of artistry you will eat better than ever before in this life.

Split Pea Salad can be made by boiling 2 lbs. of split peas for app. 35 min. Drain and wash in cold water, then make a dressing of oil, a cap or two of vinegar, a quarter of a lemon, salt, pepper, and most importantly, a pinch of basil.

The cooking of brown rice is the most important talent to develop if you are going to make it into the natural world. Wash rice, then place in twice the volume of water with two teaspoons of salt. Bring to a boil, then cover and reduce heat to a simmer. From this pint, the cooking of your rice should take 20-25 mins.

Cornucopia



Groovy clothes for the family
1130 Sherbrooke St. West, corner Stanley

spirits." spirit, hearts our ears musicians these ce. rich

It is appropriate that The Berkeley Concert was not entitled "The Last of Lenny" because between the time you read this, and the time you hear this record, there will probably be another concert out. That this record was released four years after being recorded is indicative that what was once potentially revolutionary is now commercial.

Lenny Bruce's four records for Fantasy -recorded between 1956 and 1959- were not commercial successes and the distribution was haphazard and meaningless. It is for these reasons that the records "Interviews of Our Times", "I'm not a Nut", "American" and "The Sick Humour of Lenny Bruce" never reached the audience for whom they were intended. But Frank Zappa and his Bizaare Records and Warner Brother's, the distributor, now line up at the cash register, with a new record that will appeal to all Lenny Bruce fans.

Lenny Bruce is dead; and what is killing those who killed him is that he no longer is around to be the marketable item that his death made him. But it is too important a record to simply pass off because of the corporate power in the record industry. Tape it at LOGOS !



TASMANIAN
LOVE TO TURN
RECORDS - LISTEN
472 PAK

develop
ment
are



Once upon a time, there was a man named Johann Sebastian Bach, who made a lot of money and an immortal reputation by writing music for the rich. Existing at the same time and before and after J.S. Bach were many others who are entirely forgotten and died in poverty because their music was for the poor. All poor people who like J.S. Bach and all rich people who like, for example, sea chanties, are class traitors. Everyone should be a class traitor at least once.

However as time went on, this simple state of affairs began to disappear. People began to get rich writing music or singing songs for the poor, for the neurotic, or for everybody. The engraving of music on little plastic discs meant that the poor could afford to listen to the music of the rich, while the rich could listen to the poor's music without discomfort or inconvenience, all this moreover in the privacy of their homes. So there was no reason why their neighbours should know what they were doing. Pretty soon the class structure of music was all screwed up.

The amazing thing is that nobody realized this at the time. Gangs of retired colonels and enraged unionists did not gather together to throw portable phonographs off the end of the pier at Torquay or Blackpool. The Library of Congress did not destroy all its recordings as Anti-American. The introduction of the long playing record caused no religious schism.

That brings us to the Incredible String Band's two new albums. The "Big Huge" is OK, while "Wee Tam" is a fantastic sugar coated, multi-coloured star in the heavenly firmament waltzing into the kind of world described in "The Lord of the Rings". Their appeal is primarily to the poor, to the neurotic, and to everybody, not necessarily in that order.

The appeal of the Quicksilver Messenger Service in their newest album, "Happy Trails", is more limited. They appeal to Californians and to everybody, quite definitely in that order. It is a very beautiful album especially on side one which contains the finest intermixing of live and studio performances. Continuity and development maintained throughout and manages to achieve symphonic scale without ever becoming really heavy. The other side contains two first rate cuts, "Mona" and "Calvary".

POSTSCRIPT

Any chance of seeing Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity should be taken. Try to sit near the front !

There's something for everyone in the latest Pentangle album "Sweet Child". This is not to say you're getting a hodge-podge of seven or eight undeveloped styles. Rather, the album is a perfect example of what Blood, Sweat, and Tears tried to do, but couldn't: a perfect blending of jazz, folk, old blues, new blues, classical, minstrel, and spiritual music.

But Jansch is undoubtedly the prime mover of the Pentangle. This is rare when one is playing with musicians of the calibre of Terry Cox (drums), Danny Thompson (double bass), and John Renbourn (guitar). By the way, if you dig the album, listen to Jansch's earlier Transatlantic discs. The transition from album to album is a wonder to behold.

Jansch's influence is most obvious on "No Exit", "In Time", and "Market Song". The first two instrumentals show Jansch's early roots in jazz, and are vehicles for demonstrating the tightness of the group. "In Time" features a beautiful solo by Renbourn, a blues-oriented riff by Jansch, and unobtrusive yet complete bridging by Thompson.

"Market Song" opens with a set of guitar harmonies by Jansch, and Terry Cox leads this cut through a structured maze of 7/4, 11/4, and 4/4 rhythms.

Jacqui McShee, the female vocalist, shows her tremendous versatility on this album. In "No More, My Lord", "So Early in the Spring", and "Sovay", she shows a tremendous proficiency with spiritual, traditional, and folk music. On "I've Got A Feeling", she reminds one of Peggy Lee, seeming perfectly at home in this 3/4 time "happy blues" number. In Market Song, Sweet Song, and Turn Your Money Green, she swirls amidst difficult time signatures and intricate harmonies, never losing her sense of naturalness in the song. Somewhat like Gracie Slick of the Airplane.

Jansch, Renbourn, and Thompson pay their dues to Mingus by including two songs on the album: Haitian Fight Song, and Goodbye Pork-Pie Hat. The first is a respectful solo by Thompson, who dazzles with his sense of timing. The second cut is pure Mingus-mellow, with Renbourn and Jansch countering each other in hypnotic fashion; jazz mixed in blues. I got the impression that Mingus' influence on Donovan was not direct. Mingus influenced Jansch, and Jansch influenced Donovan; try the solo in "A Woman Like You", a love song with noticeable traces of black magic, played in open D tuning.

"Moon Dog" written by Terry Cox for the blind street musician, features Cox himself on vocal. An incredibly intricate song, Cox does it without the benefit of accompaniment.

Then, in case you don't expect it, the group also utilizes its collective sense of timing and plays three short classical pieces:

Brentzel Gay, a French minstrel piece from the 16th century: La Rotta, a 14th century Italian masterpiece: and, Earl of Salisbury, a 16th century English piece. Cox plays glockenspiel on these cuts, while Renbourn's guitar becomes a delicately intense instrument.

Two side of this double album were cut in live performance. Where does Jansch go now?



SQUAT

similar to the ones we played. In some cases people were arrested. In one case some members of a London Squatters Group were arrested and charged with the illegal use of a few shillings of Her Majesties electricity. (They connected the electricity.) Off to jail, and bail refused unless they promised not to get involved in squatting again.

Most of the houses occupied were Council property vacant for a long time and/or due to be torn down in 5 or 10 years. Councils took precautions. They sent workmen to their empty property armed with axes and things to smash walls and windows, rip up floor boards, ect, to prevent homeless families moving in.

Having had a fair amount of contact with the media, TV and the Press, the writer knows how corrupt it is. During the token squats the "Daily Express" asking "Where are the students, where are the students?" "What, no students?" The token occupations, never mind the reason behind them, don't make the papers. The press has more important things to report, such as what the Queen wears.

When we helped move the first two families into a house the media came around in droves, arrogant and cynical as usual. The highly respectable and moralizing National Press. "The

People" reporter saying in effect what a commendable thing we were doing and how he sympathized and how he recognized the justice of what was being done ect, but it wasn't enough to be reported. A little something extra would have to be done. Now if we were willing to have a good punch up with the police outside and he got a couple of good pictures, there was a pretty good chance of the squat getting reported.

Irregardless of how many times the families stressed that their former living conditions forced them to move, that the whole area (there are 70,000 people in North Ken) was a stinking, rotting slum, that they were one of millions throughout the country, the media personalized everything. Only one family had sewage coming through the ceiling, only one family had rain pouring through the roof. They got a new home. Everything is all right once again. So unbelievably corrupt, its too much.

Members of the Art's Lab, an experimental cinema, theatre, art gallery, music and sometimes restaurant complex located in a old warehouse on Drury Lane, occupied a disused hotel nearby. After much honest physical labour the hotel was deemed liveable and accomodating made available to 200 young people drifting in London. In true democratic style

discussions were being held to decide what was to be done with the building. It was agreed a rent of \$2.50 per week should be paid by each occupant. Guards and protection were afforded by a group of socially concerned citizens, the Hell's Angles (London Division). These young gentlemen ensured a high moral standard was maintained at the squat, but still the police busted. It is rumored "substances" were located. Methinks the squat has been unsuccessful, but posted writ has not been received from London confirming this.

Squatting is growing in England. People are so frustrated, so desperate they are willing to risk prison - which in many cases would mean a improved standard of living - to get a place to live. More and more people have no faith in the System. Many areas have been slums for over 100 years and will remain slums as long as profit and property are more important than people.

England is a very wealthy society. But irregardless of how wealthy it is, the System by its very nature can not and will not provide jobs paying a living wage, adequate housing, adequate food, adequate education, ect, ect, ect, for a large part of society. The people know this. They are acting.

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HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY



The DRV - democratic republican/revolution of or in Vermont - is a community of about 13 people on a 100-acre farm in the green hills of Vermont. The community began in the summer of 1968 and is now experiencing its first winter and spring. Consequently, anything I can say about the way the community operates and what it stands for must be judged as tentative. We are just learning what it means to be a community. And we are first discovering how to live close to the land and in harmony with the natural world that surrounds us.

More and more people are becoming interested in starting intentional communities. Friends are busy circling choice listings in the Strout real estate catalogue, which has suddenly become an underground best seller. And if they are in any way like ourselves, desperate city freaks who have never seen a star, they have little or no experience in this kind of thing and hardly know where to begin.

Together we have been victimized by an educational system that has left us unfit to live with the world on its most simple terms. We have been carefully moulded to fit a machine that clatters about without serving any useful social purpose except to keep us busy, out of mischief, and dependent on it - rather than ourselves - for sustenance. We have been taught almost nothing about practical matters: how and when to plough a field, lay a floor, care for chickens, split logs. Who among us knows the measure of a cord of wood?

Some of these problems can be solved easily; others are questions that we, with our limited experience, are still groping for answers. But before going any further let me first indulge myself and put this article into its proper context by describing the land that is the DRV, for this more than anything else has become our reality, the natural order that governs our daily lives.

The DRV is on a wooded hillside with northern exposure at the head of a small hollow ten miles from the nearest store. Its trees are sugar maple, beech, oak, white pine, different kinds of cherry, white, silver and black birch, and a number of other species we have not yet learned to identify. Part of the slope has been cleared into a meadow. At the top most edge of the meadow is a peach orchard with a score of productive trees. Apples, pears, grape vine and wild berries are scattered about the land. The hillside is full of natural springs from which we pipe our water. And there is a flat, two acre shelf on which we will plant vegetables to feed ourselves, and if there is a surplus, our friends in the cities.

The DRV was first conceived as an idea in early April, 1968. We had a friend who had a summer home in Vermont and through him we knew of a farm

that was up for sale. Friends were told of the idea of starting a community.

"Groovy!" they said, or "Oh, Wow!"

But little else was discussed because the idea seemed too fragile to examine objectively. It seemed like just another one of the utopian schemes we were always dreaming up and quickly forgetting. In the back of our minds each of us could conjure up one hundred good reasons why the idea was absurd and doomed to failure, but they all went unspoken. We had no money, no source of income, were completely ignorant of country ways, and, moreover because of various public acts of defiance against the draft, most of the men involved were more likely to spend time on the Allenwood federal prison farm in Pennsylvania than on some far-out hippy-dippy freak farm in Vermont.

At the same time we were all motivated by an awareness that cities had become a destructive environment - overcrowded, polluted, dehumanizing, and violent. We wanted to see whether there was not a more healthy and meaningful way of life, free of the system, but relevant to the means of working for radical change. So every time we were faced with the decision to abandon the idea or commit ourselves deeper, we took another plunge.

In May, we had our first look at the farm, and in June made a second visit to meet the widow who owned it. She quoted us her price, we gulped hard, smiled and agreed to buy. Then we returned to the city to see whether we had enough resources to meet the down payment and the ten-year mortgage of over \$ 200 a month. So far we had been lucky. We didn't have to go through a real estate agent who might have discriminated against long hair. And the community in which the farm was located had only a few summer residents, all of whom were friendly with the lady selling the farm and enthusiastic about our coming. Their words on our behalf were what persuaded the woman to sell to us.

Now that we had the farm, our lack of serious planning, which had enabled us to make the land purchase so readily, began to have repercussions. About the only thing that we had talked about was that we would live on the farm as a 'family', in the New Age meaning of the word, with friends rather than relations. But we had only the vaguest notion of the implications and, in the meanwhile, had added more people, some of whom hadn't been in on these discussions and were not part of the original circle of friends who had conceived the idea. To further confuse things, we didn't anticipate the speed with which we would get the farm and everyone, except two of the people, had commitments for the summer and could not begin to live at the DRV until August. *continued on page 20*

HOUSE...

We compounded these problems by loose talk to everyone we knew that reflected our enthusiasm for what we were doing and our incredible naivete. Because we were Movement people living in an urban setting, we felt it necessary to describe our plans in political terms. The DRV would be a meeting place and rest area for weary activists. Or, the first wedge in the movement to liberate Vermont and bring about its secession. Or, a commune for free people to roam in the woods and do their thing. And because it was summer and we were near enough to Boston and New York, we fast became victims of our own hyperbole.

The DRV was rapidly inundated by visitors. Friends, friends of friends, friends thrice removed, and wandering freaks who heard of a nearby "hippy" farm and wanted to check out the scene, all descended upon us for a weekend, the summer, or forever. The two people living on the farm who were part of the permanent community dug what was happening and threw on the unstructured chaos. The rest of us, from our distance, were becoming increasingly uptight. The farm was turning into a rural crashpad. Our home, we feared, was being misused.

The issue had to be confronted. Our differences seemed irreconcilable: an open commune or a close-knit family. Probably there are less absolute positions a community should choose, but at the time, it seemed like an either/or proposition, and the two proponents of an open commune agreed to leave. Visitors were asked to go as well, though a few stayed on as permanent members of the family. By the end of the summer the DRV had about 13 permanent people, the number fluctuating because two commuted to schools in Boston and others made infrequent forays into the city. The first summer had been a harrowing, emotional experience. Our dream had seemingly turned bitter. And the problem of visitors continued to plague us.

Throughout the country there exists an underground network of like people who will put up strangers for a night, feed them, and turn them on. All of us on the farm had made use of this kind of hospitality in our travels, so we were disturbed to feel the need to put people out. But communities are sufficiently new to attract the curious and the interested, a problem compounded by proximity to the city. In our first four months we were visited by Sunday "hippy watchers", high school runaways, newspaper and magazine reporters from both the underground and establishment press, a local farmer who was frightened because his eldest son had expressed a desire to live like us, peace activists passing through, local freaks, a state policeman, hitchhikers wanting a place to spend the night, dropouts wanting a place to live, groups of people planning to start their own communes and schools, and a well-scrubbed young couple who wanted to interest us in manufacturing Ho Chi Minh sandals, which they would market for us, as a cottage industry.

In addition, everyone on the farm had a dozen or more close friends who they invited up. Weekend guests alone often turned the farmhouse into a rural version of a crowded subway car, making decent conversation and worthwhile visits impossible. As a result, we try to discourage uninvited visitors and often treat strangers with less hospitality than we should. But if a community is to work, it must be nurtured carefully and left alone to grow. As we become more comfortable in our new way of life we should become more open to visitors.

We have had more success in handling the townspeople whose initial reaction to the herds of long hairs descending on their village was hostile. There were threats of

violence and some minor harassment. Even our most immediate neighbours with whom we were friendly advised us to cut our hair, keep the number living on the farm at any one time to a minimum, all of the same sex, and, in general, keep things cool until the town simmered down.

We treated the situation our own way by opening communication with as many local people as possible. We talked to the town selectmen, shopped in local stores, and said "Hello" and "Good morning", as if we were at a Be-In greeting fellow freaks. We discovered that the natives viewed hippies as 1950-type juvenile delinquents and were afraid we had come to plunder their farms. Most important, we worked on our farm and improved the land. Vermonters have a great attachment to their natural environment, and when they saw us treating it with a healthy respect, their fear and hostility began to vanish. We still have our detractors as well as a few supporters. But the "hippy farm" is no longer the chief conversation piece in town. Of course, for their part, the locals are confident we will not last through the winter.

A community in New England faces problems peculiar to the North Country. Certain things have got to be done merely to survive in winter. Houses have to be insulated, water pipes buried, fuel collected. Both our cooking stove and our furnace are heated by wood so a tremendous amount, 30 to 40 cords, has to be cut, split, sorted and stacked before the first snow. Moreover, and this is true of all communities, Old Age facilities are not built to house New Age families. Our farmhouse is too small, and everyone wants to have the privacy of his own place, so we are busy converting small out-buildings into homes. Plumbing facilities, installed for average families, are quickly overtaxed. Our spring has run dry, the water pump has broken, and the outhouse is fast filling up. All these facilities have to be improved. Whenever we can, we use materials found on the farm, like wooden planks from abandoned sheds. Out of the ruins of the Old Age comes materials for the New.

As much as possible, we have abolished the concept of work. Fortunately, the people in our family have some useful skills or, at a minimum, enthusiasm. Laurie is an excellent carpenter and architect and is free to build what he wants. Michael has driven tractors in the West, knows the mechanics of farming, and is anxious to learn the art. Connie sews and makes space age clothing. I'm enchanted by the forest, read some books about trees, bought an axe, and went to work. Others cook, read, write, paint, make music, take walks or just sit around and daydream, all of which are honorable and useful pursuits. We have no work committees, no formal structures and no family meetings. Each of us is sensitive to our individual commitment to the DRV and knows what has to be done. And though we tend to keep beatnik hours and handle our chores, as Laurie has observed, with "more enthusiasm than empiricism", things get done.

We treat money in much the same way, trying to apply the concept that money is a commodity with certain desirable uses but is of far less value than building nice things, making love, creating a poem, baking bread, or watching the sunset. Four people pooled their savings to meet the down payment, and there are no formal arrangements to reimburse them. The deed to the land is in two names, more out of convenience than policy. One of our people teaches in the local school, but he took the job before he joined the community and it is what he wants to do. He is the only one with a regular income and to protect him and us from over-dependence on that income, he contributes a fixed sum every month. Everyone else contributes money as it is available and as it is needed. We keep no records or lists of contributions. There is a farm checking account but also

individual savings. We put in what is needed and by some mysterious and unknown magic manage to meet our obligations. So far money has come in from writing, lecturing, dressmaking and like manna. Often our total assets are the coins embedded beneath the cushions of the sofa. But we know that if we are short of money we can always go to the city and work for a week or two.

We've chosen to call our community a family, but whatever name one uses to describe the arrangements by which people live together, everything depends on how sensitive they are to one another, and how open and honest they learn to be. Without this basic trust a community cannot function and isn't even a community.

Before we moved to Vermont we all had ideas about publishing a newspaper and continuing our involvement in the Movement, as we knew it. But we had been thinking in city terms and didn't anticipate what we were getting into. In four months our heads have been turned around completely. We may eventually put out a newspaper or some other form of public communication, but right now we are learning about things that seem meaningful and about which we may someday write.

The land holds a special magic that we had all forgotten. The American Indians knew about it, and so do a few very old and wise Vermont farmers. The pioneers experienced the magic but were too caught up in Western values to properly appreciate it. Now it is up to the people of the New Age to rediscover the land and learn what it has to offer and to teach. We do not consider ourselves Rousseauian dreamers or Jeffersonian agrarians harking back to the simple virtues of the past. We are very much the children of the 21st century, with our chain saw and tractor - and stereo system blasting forth the Beatles, Bach, and Ornette Coleman appreciative of our times.

But our technology does run amok. It functions as an end unto itself, with nothing whatever to do with the rhythms, harmonies and cycles of life. The sun rises, the sun sets. But the machines clatter on. The Old Age is governed by artificial values that are technologically orientated, profit serving, and power seeking. The cities teach violence and destruction; the country teaches time and space and life and creation.

The DRV gives us time to learn about the land and ourselves. We have to reevaluate our technology, sift out what is destructive and useless, and harness what is left to the delicate working order of our natural environment. To create a New Age we must learn to live at peace with ourselves and to be at home with our land.

Marty Jezer

Reprinted from WIN Magazine, N.Y.

DYLAN...

privacy of "Lay Lady Lay":

Lay lady lay
Lay across my big brass bed
Stay lady stay
Stay with your man a while

...
His clothes are dirty
But his hands are clean
And you're the best thing
That he's ever seen...

...
Stay lady stay
Stay with your man a while

Of all the songs on the album, "Lay Lady Lay" has the most interesting syncopation; a double 4/4 rhythm unlike any Dylan has used before. "Nashville Skyline" contains many departures. His voice is finally used. His

chords are fuller, more thought out and complete. Melody creeps in on the majority of new songs, as Dylan plays with a whole new thing.

The country and western flavour that the album at first seems to have diminishes after hearing it several times. Once again, it is all Dylan. But the country selections, such as "To Be Alone With You", "Country Pie" and "One More Night" are snappy, happy numbers that do credit to the sound that has made Nashville what it is.

Dylan's combo is extremely tight without becoming uncomfortable, an arrangement necessary to balance his typically uneven phrasings. Pete Drake's steel guitar is all that it should be, filling in and carrying out a line a little further, precise, clean, and clear. Ken Buttrey continues to be one of the most thoughtful, consistent drummers recording today. He has been with Dylan often in the past. He is in his own bag what ex Pauper Skip Prokop is in his: goodnaturedly regulating.

"Nashville Skyline" features a good deal of piano that comes out downhome country & Western funky. Of course, Dylan plays harmonica and guitar. While there is little harp work overall, take note of it as well as his guitar playing: they're both different.

Of course the album is not Bob Dylan. Of course the album is Bob Dylan. Neither of the above statements are true. Both of these statements are true. Very unimportant. It will be talked about as the warm weather draws everyone out of hibernation. In a way, that is appropriate.

"Nashville Skyline" is an outdoors, breezy countryside record. The mood of the album should be taken in and carried around. These songs alone are a warm atmosphere. But the mood is like a season in the sun.

CLASSIFIED

Logos will accept your classified ad at the below-mentioned rates. However, we will not participate in any illegal solicitation on behalf of those too cowardly to do so themselves. We reserve the right to alter ads placed in this column, as we do with all ads, irrelevant of who is behind them. Please include payment in full in advance by cheque or money order. Deadlines will not be extended.

RATES: FIRST LINE \$1.00, EACH ADDITIONAL

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ROOM TO LET IN 6 ROOM HOUSE, MALE OR FEMALE
BETWEEN 18-22, FINISHED WITH DRUGS, PREFER-
ABLY VEGETARIAN, DOING MEDITATION, YOGA, ETC
\$60 PER MONTH, 931-6387 AFTER SIX

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COME HOME OR CALL ME COLLECT 899-4023:
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people of my calibre usually don't pay
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rates: Canada \$2.00 a year
Elsewhere \$3.00 a year



er of noxious weeds spoiling a garden. has to be pulled out, enabling the flowers to grow and blossom.

In all fairness and objectivity I should add that it is not at all as clear cut and definitive as I've made it appear above. While the thesis is present and alive there is still much of the negative weighing down and we will foresee, for some time, a mixture of the two in conflict.

The dissenters of this age (inside and outside theatre) are conscious they are possibly living in the time of the end, having learned to take their first feeble steps during the epoch of the 'boom' but they refuse to regard themselves as the state of the world with any great measure of gloom or despondency. Instead, by putting the emphasis on the ludicrous they hope to help it collapse under the weight of its own stupidity.

A synthesis there is an affirmation rather than a negation, leading to a great extent out of another dialectical outlook. Unlike the political visionaries of the depression years or of earlier centuries they are not holding back until there is a total change before starting to live as full dimensional human beings. In contrast to their elders who surrendered to 'reality' they are striving to create a new reality now right alongside and in the midst of the old, a principle fashioned after the forces of life that enables a child to be born within the parent. They do not wait for Godot. In fact, had this play been moulded by a dramatist from the new theatre, Godot and Vladimir would have either gone after Godot and dragged him out of hiding or just completely ignored his absence and gone about doing their thing.

And just as they will not wait for Godot they will not wait for Odet's Letter of the establishment to fall before committing themselves and introducing today what is sought for tomorrow. Hence their openness in linking themselves with marijuana as in "Hair". And rather than rot until the time is ripe they cut through the sham of the race divisions by casually having whites and blacks play alongside each other as if it were the most natural thing as in "Gismo" by Daffi when two lovers representing Adam and Eve are a black man and a white woman.

Sex relations and attitudes in 'outer' society hypocritical and despotic? Well then, after showing this up, an insight on how it could and should be. "The Beard" by Michael McClure touching all avenues, the sublime and the obscene, ending in a scene in which the most intimate parts of the anatomy are bared. In "Futz" by Rochelle Owens the hidden desires and fears of a 'straight' person, visibly communicated, in contrast to the innocence of a man who finds rapport with a gentle little pig. In "The Plot To Overthrow Peter Rabbit" by this writer two of the perform-

what the latter had implied in his dramas. Theatre of the absurd and most the avant-garde (horrible term) plays have their seeds in the theatre of Jarry and the principles connotated by Artaud, especially in his collection of essays and manifestoes "Le Theatre et Son Double".

It stressed the aberration, perceived that once authority was made to be seen as farcical, it could never have the same divine right again. And indeed authority in many shapes and forms including the selves we hide and the words we use or non-use; nonsense rhymes, growls and clowns often being tools and means.

However, while more the partial to the idea of putting a dunce cap on pomposity, the writers of the absurd did not come up with a drama of joy or hope since they were susceptible to other strong concepts inherent in the thinking of the absurd; namely that the best which could be accomplished was in making the cruelly since man was fundamentally helpless in a cosmos that was hostile; drafted for them many years ago by Shakespeare, "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport".

Having set their limits (unlike Artaud who never accepted any limits) they became prisoners of the very situation they sought to transcend. This does not mean to imply that their writings were ineffective; on the contrary many of their plays are probably the most incisive of this age. Unfortunately, however, despite their X-ray vision and brilliant insights, their dramas were smothered in impotency as with Godot and Vladimir in Beckett's "Waiting for Godot". The genuflection to the ultimate leading Jarry to voluntarily taking his own life, in turn impeding the conception of the possible liberation of man.

And it is the principle of the "Liberation of man" that is Artaud's antithesis to Jarry, culminating in the synthesis of a theatre that has finally been born in the vibrant 1960s. The forms of Jarry are generally accepted, the style grasped, the intent seen, but while Jarry chose suicide the extension of his and its arm of the ridiculous sees man as the personification of all that is in the cosmos. The nihilism is directed not inwardly but towards that which has been allowed to take root and flourish.

e plot and aside from being removed from obvious reality was set in a country other than France. Still the spectators apparently realized what and who he was mocking and as often occurs when people are derided, retaliated by saying a riot in the theatre.

In "Ubu Roi" and the other dramas that followed, Jarry generally displayed aspects of blind nihilism, embryonic mutterings not unlike that of a child sticking out his tongue at parental authority. A nihilism that he suckled in his private life, and merely in the manner of dress and living habits that were completely out of tune with his period, but by consciously deciding to commit suicide by slowly drinking himself to death. Having pre-determined his fate he felt he was no longer at the mercy of others or the comedy of having been born to die.

And yet, despite being a primitive, he set the stage for the "scream of protest", inverted the rigidities of traditional naturalistic drama by stressing stylization and proved the effectiveness of satirizing the condition of man by holding him up to ridicule.

But the significance of Jarry and his "Ubu" plays was not detected until Artaud came on the scene, also in France, and founded the "Theatre Alfred Jarry" in 1927. Emerging from the surrealist theatre Artaud presented the antithesis to Jarry by consciously formalizing

ers sensually suggesting areas of love forbidden by the man-made laws but asked in the beauty of man and woman.

The writing of most plays free and un-censored -- with or without the use of language -- words -- since it is no longer a matter of the fight for freedom of expression being near success -- the Mon-Star even recently finally using the word "shit" although I still heard a few gasps when some choice comments were ejected in "The Inmates" and in "Waiting for Lennie" by Arleigh Peterson.

And because they are pioneering (despite the continuing presence of the old fortresses) they are caught up in the joy of creativity for the counter-culture is now the future is today. They become masters of their own fate, not by choosing suicide but by choosing their rebirth.

Rather than sing songs reminiscent of the old blues they hurl defiant words and sing triumphantly. Even when they are temporarily defeated, as the heralds of the revolution in "Marat-Sade" they still toss up their heads and roar out a hymn to insurrection -- the phrase continuing to echo and take over as Sade walks off the stage apparently victorious.

A joy flowing in the bouncing style of movement. While seemingly belonging to music and revues the rhythm is more expressive of the wild untrampled happiness found mainly amongst children before they are captured totally by the guilt-ridden elders and come to regard their bodies as shameful enemies.

The rhythm most frenetic and vital a vivacity effervescent in the whole of the ensemble. A joy of life over the stage, even when it strikes as in "Ubu" by Brendan Behan the late Irish playwright who to a great extent followed the way with this spectacle; the play not ending with the killing of the English soldier but with his revival as if a Lazarus, and singing contemptuously of hell. A joy in "Carnival and Resurrection of the Blind God Orpheus" by Monty Pike when the audience can't restrain itself and joins in an ecstatic dance in which the clothes go as the tempo hypnotizes.

The clowns in harmony with the media del'arts, a strong influence on the forms being developed; the free-wheeling style of this ancient drama as that of

Aristophanes an excellent vehicle for the swinging satire of the '60s. But clowns, at the same time, shaped and designed from burlesque, revues (especially those of Elaine May and Mike Nichols) as well as from the absurd; a rich stew of the crude, the vulgar, the innocent and the sophisticated.

But mindful that the path winds down in the midst of torn up stumps as well as full grown beautiful trees, a scorn that is accompanied with anger. The same "U.S." that mocks those who 'know what we are doing' presents us with a man burning a butterfly and the agony of a Norman Morrison who immolated himself protesting against the napalm fire-victims in Vietnam. An anger shrieking in "Marat-Sade" by the Living Theatre when people are slaughtered and devoured in every conceivable manner. An anger rampant in "Rising" by Bryant Collins as the traces collide. Screaming aloud in "Marat-Sade" by Megan Terry, furious in "Marat-Sade", unyielding in "Tom Paine" by Paul Brester ... in just about every play in the new theatre.

But contrary to the undirected self-devouring resentment of John Osborne's "Angry Young Men" or the rage that leads to frustration as in much of the theatre of the absurd ... for the anger of the '60s is an anger that is productive by affirming the beautiful while caricaturing the ugly.



DAILY PLANET

WEATHER: HIGH TODAY, HIGH TOMORROW, HIGH EVERY DAY MONTREAL, JUNE; VOL. 2, NO. 1

DOPE DOPE

(LNS) "Happy Valentine's Day", the letter said. "You are one of 30,000 lucky persons being sent free this freshly-rolled marijuana cigarette...." The letter went on to state medical facts about marijuana, and promised another mailing on MOTHERS' DAY to 30,000 more names selected at random from the phone book. Nobody knows where the stuff is coming from, but it's reported to be good.

Plant NOW!



Now is the time to plant your seeds. Use soil enriched with fine fertilizer, plant 1-2 in. below the top, and have plenty of patience.

(LNS) A dope "summit conference" sponsored by LEMAR in Buffalo played host to such "specialists" as Timothy Leary, Allan Ginsberg, Leslie Fiedler, and yippies Rubin and Hoffman. After two days of sessions, in which they were joined by the New York City Motherfuckers, it was generally concluded that the main problems with drugs are the bad laws and the lack of research.

(SF Express-Times) The hippies of Czechoslovakia are embarking on a unique program of resistance to Russian troops occupying their country. When soldiers on leave come into Prague for a night on the town, the hippie chicks turn them on to acid, which happens to be legal and is sold over the counter.

The American SDS came very close to passing a resolution against the use of drugs. The German SDS also frowns on dope. Some people are really serious!

STOP TAKING DRUGS
THIS SPINE NEEDS FIXING
SO DOES YOURS

HERE ARE SOME OF THE
KEYS ON WHICH I PLAY IN REMOVING PAIN FROM PINCHED
NERVES THEREBY ALLOWING NATURE TO CURE DISEASE.
CHIROPRACTIC
(KI-RO-PRAK-TIK)
MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR NATURE TO CURE ALL DISEASES WITHOUT DRUGS
OR SURGERY. IT IS NOT OSTEOPATHY BUT FAR IN ADVANCE OF IT AND AGES
AHEAD OF MEDICINE. SUCH PEOPLE ARE COMING HERE FROM FAR AND
NEAR AND GOING AWAY WELL. MEN AND WOMEN ARE LEARNING THIS
PROFESSION AND MEETING WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN ITS PRACTICE.
OUR SCHOOL IS NOT A DIPLOMA MILL WITH A CHEAP MAIL COURSE
WE REQUIRE THE STRONGEST PERSONAL ATTENDANCE DURING THE LAST TERM
IF YOU ARE SICK SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET
CHIROPRACTIC FACTS ANNOUNCEMENT.
D'S.M. Langworthy, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Where was SDS when a sixteen year old hippie stabbed his old man in Pleasantville, N.Y. last week. The old man happened to be the publisher of READER'S DIGEST and had just given an anti-hippie speech to a businessman's luncheon.

PANTHER BUST

(LNS) Twenty-one Black Panthers have been busted in New York for allegedly planning bombings. Bail has been set at \$2,100,000. From the Panthers Ministry of Information comes the call: "Peoples of America, let's free all our political prisoners, from Huey P. Newton to the latest revolutionary arrested." Bail bread appreciated. Send to: Legal Defense Fund, Black Panther Party, Box 1224, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202, U.S.A.

Yippies! Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, together with Bobby Seale and five others were indicted before a US Grand Jury. They have been charged with such acts as crossing state lines to incite a riot. And all they were trying to do was stop a war.

(LNS) A two year study of draft boards in the US by two political scientists has revealed that.... "Nearly half of all draft board members are over 60 years of age and that two-thirds are veterans. 1.3% are Black.

Recently the office of the REP (Radical Education Project) in Ann Arbor were broken into. Stolen were lists of names and addresses.... and news has it that the FBI is preparing a mammoth file on all activists.

The Oakland Seven have been freed AND NOW HOW ABOUT THE PRESIDIO G.I.'s ??????????????????????

DRURY LANE SQUAT

(Peace News) It finally took a special Greater London Council (GLC) demolition squad to evict the Drury Lane squatters. About 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, March 22 two coach loads of bobbies suddenly broke into the hotel. Without showing any warrants, they immediately began rousing people out of bed, ripping mattresses apart (do they need a warrant to do that?), and searching for drugs and weapons. Police caused considerable damage. When the happy people of the Artslab (see article on squatters elsewhere in this issue) tried to reclaim their homes, the GLC Housing Committee ordered the building demolished within seven days.



"I don't believe in violent protest 'cause I think that violence begets violence. Most of the newspaper coverage of the marches in England has just been about the violence between the police and a few people. It never came across. I think that Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King were good examples, they were peaceful....."

John Lennon

"Hey, said my name is called Disturbance. I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his servants! But what can a poor boy do Except to sing for a rock'n'roll band?"

Guess in sleepy London town, There's no place for a street fighting man.

Mick Jagger & Keith Richard

Dr. Deimel Underwear
(LINEN-MESH)
I DO NOT WONDER!
"When anyone informs me that he has a cold, I ascertain the kind of underwear he uses. If woolen, no matter in what climate or in what season of the year, my answer is invariably the same: 'I do not wonder.'
"Woolen underwear is the cause of colds, pneumonia, pleurisy, sometimes rheumatism, and quite frequently smallpox, the latter being a filth disease. Woolen underwear and cleanliness are not synonymous. Wool cannot be thoroughly cleaned by washing.
"As for myself, I derive pleasure and comfort in wearing the Dr. Deimel Underwear" of Linen-Mesh. As a teacher of Physical Education and all that pertains thereto, with an experience of 35 years, I am convinced that Linen is the ideal underwear, but it should be meshed. The medical men of to-day, the up-to-date medical men, are abandoning the woolen underwear theory in favor of porous Linen as represented by the Dr. Deimel Underwear."
(EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M., Author "Hints on Health," Spalding Athletic Library.)
This is a sample of scores of testimonials which we are constantly receiving from former wearers of woolen underwear. One trial of the Dr. Deimel Underwear invariably means an enthusiastic advocate.
Send for free sample of fabric and booklet giving valuable information on the Underwear question.
The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co., 491 Broadway, New York

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To make an excellent stove polish pulverize alum the size of a hickory nut, and stir in two tablespoons of vinegar. Add this to any good blacking and apply with a cloth or brush to the cold stove. While still wet, rub it on briskly with a dry brush. Polish will appear at once.

For that door that sticks, rub on with gasoline. *

Olive oil will remove gum from hair. *

To drive nails into hard wood, rub them with soap. *

When making a fine cereal of any kind, use a wire egg-beater for stirring and it will never lump. *

A good filling for a one crust pie is grated pineapple, thickened with corn starch.

Grow Tall - Get Well - Be Young
A University Discovery based on years of experimenting: now used by Doctors of Medicine, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Physiotherapy and the laity for the cure of deformities, curvatures, paralysis, locomotor, rheumatism, lumbago and all diseases arising from spinal, muscular, or nervous weakness. A **NEW** FOR OLD. The only medicine that will **REBUILD** the body from the bottom up. **THE STRETCHER CO., 3306 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**



Heads who are in need of a body change now have to wait only 30 years more. Doctors predict that head transplants will be possible then.

YIPPIE!?

The chairman of the Stanley Gray arbitration tribunal, Walter Tarnopolski stated, "The political judgement is not ours to make." He claims to be seeking an impartial decision "based on certain verifiable facts." Ahhh liberals!

Fun with Figures: If Québec is 17% English, and 42% of all Universities places are in English institutions, and 30% of government bread goes to English institutions, does it mean that:
1) Stan Gray is a Yippie?
2) That the guy with the sign was right: A) After the riot, eat at Joes.
B) Give McGill to the Indians.

Send your answer unsigned to the Sir George Williams Computer Centre, and a photograph of your date will be sent by return.

SAFARI

Ex Africa: Students of University College in Nairobi, Kenya recently staged a sit-in and boycott of classes after the administration and government refused to allow Oginga Odinga to speak on the campus. Odinga is to the left of Kenyatta's "African Socialist" government and his most outspoken critic. A Kenya Army platoon drove 1800 students off the campus, and the boycott quickly ended. To be readmitted, students had to sign agreements promising to obey all directives from superiors.



BA is now a happy member of the Gulf Oil Family, Whoooopeeee! That family has about \$15,000,000 invested in the oil of Angola, scene of yet another jungle liberation struggle. 80,000 Portuguese troops, equipped with such NATO goodies as napalm, are there protecting western civilization.

West Germany has announced its plans to send a full team to South Africa's all white Olympics. So far the only country to do so.

(it) American imperialism is not just Richard Nixon and his bums; it's Jimi Hendrix posters and American left-wing political paranoia spreading its tentacles where it is not wanted.

- David Mairowitz

And you Canadian imperialists will be happy to know that another outpost has been established in New York. According to the Village Voice, Levine's restaurant on 19th St. calls itself "New York's Only Canadian Irish Jewish Restaurant".

ORAL COMMUNITY

FREE THE AIRWAVES! One way of not getting busted for operating a radio transmitter is to use the newly developed "carrier current equipment." No legislation exists yet restricting carrier current.

A study committee headed by Deputy Justice Minister André Dussault has found that the media in Quebec is threatened by monopolies. He stated that this could endanger "freedom of the press."

Open City, Los Angeles' second underground paper has shut down because of legal hassles over an obscenity case. The LA Free Press continues to exist with a circulation of 90,000, while the Washington Free Press is being investigated for subversive activities. Logos continues to publish, happily, in heaven.

Revolutionary reprints are available from Our Generation magazine 3837 Boul. St. Laurent Montreal. Send for a free list.

COMMUNES, the journal of the Commune Movement for those who need practical information on how to do it. Write to: Selene Community in Cany-Loer, Ffarmers, Llanwrda Sir Gaerfyrddin, Cymru, U.K.

"The press can make a criminal look like he is the victim and make the victim look like he is the criminal." - Malcom X.



